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The BYSTANDER

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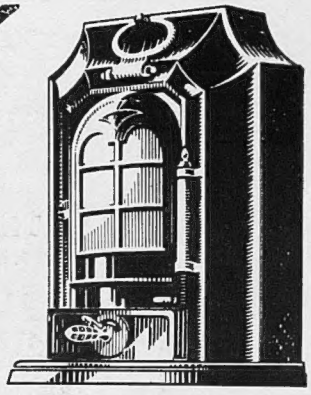

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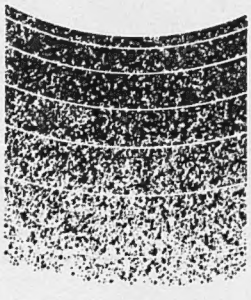

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The Bystander, November 16, 1932

No. 1509. Vol. CXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Edmund Harrington

THE LADY DIANA ABDY

A new and attractive portrait of Lady Diana Abdy, who is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, and married Sir Robert Abdy two years ago. Her brother, Viscount Newport, was twenty-one this year, and his coming-of-age celebrations were held not long ago at Weston Park, Shifnal. Sir Robert Abdy and his wife have a house in Carlos Place

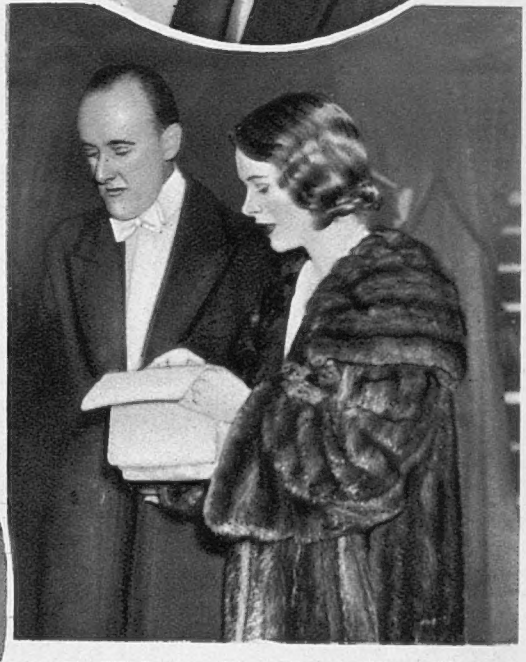
Around London

Some Afternoon and Evening Engagements

The small hat and the roll collar of fur are as fashionable as ever this winter, and here are Lady Brecknock, Lady Irene Cubitt, and Lady Fiona Fuller proving it, on their way to a recent wedding

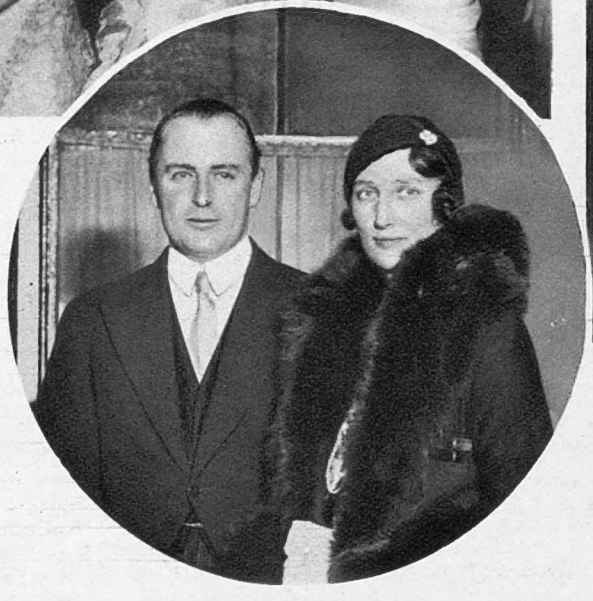
Sasha

Above : At Fortnum and Mason's party last week, held in their new Contemporary Decoration department : Miss Anita Leslie, Miss Mainwaring, the Hon. Leo Russell, Miss Betsan Horlick, and Mlle. Livia Paravicini



"To-Night or Never"—A First Night

Six members of the audience who went to the Duke of York's Theatre for the first night of Lili Hatvany's play, "To-night or Never" : at the top are Lady Cambridge, and Dame Madge Kendal ; in the circle, Mrs. Calthorpe, the well-known designer, with Mr. Noel Coward, and below, Sir Anthony Weldon and Lady Ashley, whose first outing in public this was since her illness



Right : T.R.H. the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway photographed at the Norwegian Y.W.C.A. ; their visit to the Club was one of the first of their engagements in London

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas and Miss Joan Toms

Above: Mr. Akers-Douglas, the amateur rackets champion, is the son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, and his fiancée, Miss Joan Holroyd Toms, is the only child of Major and Mrs. C. B. Toms

"To-day we feel so happy": Three engaged couples

A. V. Swaebe

Viscount Selby and Miss Veronica Briscoe-George

Miss Veronica Briscoe-George is the elder daughter of Mrs. Briscoe-George. She and Lord Selby were at the "Ball of the Season," at Grosvenor House, the evening before their engagement was announced

Right: Mr. J. M. Bailey is Sir Abe Bailey's eldest son, and his engagement to Miss Diana Churchill, the eldest daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., was announced last week. They are at Chartwell, Mr. Winston Churchill's home at Westerham, Kent

Mr. John Bailey and Miss Diana Churchill

ENGAGEMENTS are coming over thick and fast, and some very interesting ones are due in the next few days. Of those announced, that of Miss Veronica Briscoe-George and Lord Selby appeared in the *Times* within ten hours of its taking place. Miss Briscoe-George has red hair; and was swathed in orchids at the International Sportsmen's Club the following evening, when she was discussing her honeymoon plans with Lady Warwick, who is lending her Warwick Lodge. The I.S.C. has been responsible for any number of romances, and no wonder—it being the only really smart mixed club in Mayfair.

WHICH reminds me that Mr. Gerard Watson, who played the part of Raffles in the Club's amateur theatricals, found that a suit-case had been stolen from his car while he was on the stage. The case was subsequently found in Portman Square, and all that had been stolen was a pair of grey flannel trousers. Personally, I should feel rather hurt, though also of course relieved, were I in the place of Mr. Watson.

THE engagement of Mr. John Bailey and Miss Diana Churchill has had a remarkable Press. Isn't it extraordinary how the girls who get engaged are usually those who go out less than the others? The Café de Paris and the Embassy seem to be fatal for wedding bells, though admirable for bridesmaids and flirtations.

THE "Ball of the Season" was a great personal success for Miss Margaret Whigham, who arrived in a sedan chair borne by Mr. David Rhys and Mr. David Colville. That is another of the examples of my coyness. I was asked to be one of the eighteenth-century chair-men myself, but I declined shyly. The Dowager Lady Glentanar gave one of the more interesting parties for this ball. Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore made her first appearance after leaving the nursing home where she had gone for a slimming treatment. It

has been a great success, and she danced with Mr. Guy Charteris, the father of Lady O'Neill.

ONE cannot say that the lighting effects were entirely successful, but they did not begin to compare with Noel Coward's Midnight Matinée sketch. Besides, the party spirit continued until three o'clock in the morning, and you cannot say fairer than that. Several of the guests had gone on from the Embassy Club, where they had dined, but several more stayed on for supper. Lord and Lady Plunket and Lord Dufferin were at one table; Sir Hugh Smiley and Miss Nancy Beaton sat in a corner. Their actual engagement took place during one of Madame de Peña's parties at the Zara Plantation. Madame de Peña gave another one on Thursday. Perhaps this may be equally prolific. By the way, Miss Whigham and Mr. Charles Sweeney are *not* engaged, although newspapers are continually ringing them up about it.

DID you see the Marlene Dietrich film, *Blonde Venus*? The night I was there the Duke and Duchess of York were in the front row of the aptly named Royal Circle. After the picture was over, I saw Mrs. Richard Norton evidently waiting for somebody. She was looking prettier than ever.

THE Sacha Guitry first night was as smart as you please, and the predominance of foreigners in the audience added to the interest. Mr. Walter Prendergast, who is in the American Embassy, was saying that he had just been asked whether he was Owen Nares' son. Miss Evelyn Laye was duly flashlighted. C. B. Cochran told me that Sacha Guitry had to pay the Comédie Française forty pounds a week to release his leading lady.

PRINCE GEORGE has been evincing a great interest in clothes in the past few days, and paid three visits to Mr. Selfridge's Première of Fashion. By contrast, one seldom sees Prince Henry in London. He is our least known Royal Prince, and very seldom gets into the news. For this he is doubtless extremely grateful, as in this way he is at least saved the embarrassment of matrimonial conjectures publicly made and without the least regard for the feelings of the parties concerned.

Married on the Rock

Lieut. E. G. Heywood Lonsdale, R.N., Flag Lieutenant to the Admiral at Gibraltar, and Miss June Shakespeare were married in the Cathedral out there. Lady Mary Crichton-Stewart was chief bridesmaid. The bridegroom is in Lord Louis Mountbatten's polo team

Sasha

At a Cocktail Party

think he has never been to Canada before and, according to General Critchley, he will make a tremendous hit over there. I can well believe it. He is our most democratic Earl and our best-looking one, too.

AT the Café de Paris the other night one had the spectacle of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Ivor Churchill both dancing simultaneously. On the

"The Ball of the Season"

Miss Jessica Gordon appeared as the Duchess of Rutland in the 1815 Vignette, which formed part of the entertainment at the dance

Above: Mr. C.-L. de Beaumont and the Hon. Eveleigh Leith at Grosvenor House, where the dance was held in aid of the Isle of Dogs Housing Society

A. V. Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Grinling were also at Grosvenor House. *More pictures on page 302*

I AM afraid that Mayfair will not see Lord Westmorland for some weeks to come. He has gone to Canada to judge the trotting championships at Toronto. I rather

Left: The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett and Mr. Richard Bird at the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Nick Prinsep at their house in Farm Street. Mr. Bird is Joyce Barbour's husband

Below (circle): Comte Alexandre de Casteja and Princesse Emmeline de Broglie, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, were married in Paris at the Church of St. Louis-des-Invalides. The bridegroom's mother was Miss Katherine Garrison, of New York

All Paris Was There

A Sailor and His Bride

Above: Lieut. John Wintour, R.N., a nephew of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, and Miss Daphne Seymour Seal, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Seal, leaving St. Cyprian's, Regent's Park, after their wedding

one. Then a Dutch auction ensues, and the player is bought by the man who will risk forty pounds on him when playing off the lowest handicap. Thus Mr. Gates, whose real handicap is nine, was put up at fourteen and was knocked down at eleven. This prevents any of the odd handicaps which sometimes prevail in other club sweeps.

THERE is no doubt about it. The ghosts of the Georgian footman, Fortnum, and the Georgian page-boy, Mason, would have scratched their powdered heads in amazement on Thursday night if they had been to their party. Even Colonel Wilde, the present head of the firm, must have been a little bewildered at the extraordinarily high percentage of invitations accepted by his guests. The average host and hostess at a big affair can count on at least thirty or forty per cent. of refusals. On this occasion it cannot have been more than three per cent.

IN the crowded rooms it was impossible to find anybody if you were left for an instant. "Where is Eddy'?? I heard one lady of title ask agonizingly. "I had him here only a moment ago." In the throng one could see that literature was represented by Somerset Maugham and Louis Golding; the peerage by Lady Adare, Lady Alington, Lady Cynthia Mosley, Lady Jean Macintosh, Lady Queensberry, and many others. Colonel Fred Lawson stood in the centre talking; Lady Bridget Poulett stood by the buffet drinking cold water; an orchestra played gipsy music; and a fortune must have been made for the Earl Haig Fund by the poppy-sellers, who were brought in after midnight by Kathleen Lady Drogheda. Unlike some parties, everybody appeared to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

whole, I should say the father is better than the son. Florence Desmond did her impersonations and answered call after call. Jack Harris's violin seemed to be rather squeaky that evening. But perhaps he was playing "hot," as it is called.

IT is a pity that cushions cannot speak. They would have such a lot to say at smart restaurants. Last Thursday the corner seat of the corner table facing the door at Quaglino's was occupied successively by Mrs. James Beck, Miss Barbara Hutton, Lord Granard, and Lord Queensberry. Miss Hutton, the real Woolworth heiress, is the richest girl in the world. Lady Granard is one of the few peeresses who can afford to maintain a racing stable in France, and Lord Queensberry has a half-share in Mr. Everard Gates in the Portland Club golf sweep.

MR. GATES is now in the final, and ought to win it. It is worth £400, with £100 for the runner-up. The sweep at this august Club is arranged in an original manner. No one can buy a member for more or less than forty pounds, but each player is put up for sale at a handicap greater than his usual

Paul Laib

Sophy, Lady Hall

Left: Sophy, Lady Hall, is the Chairman of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, for which a Christmas Market is being held next week at the Dorchester; she has raised considerable endowment funds for the Hospital since 1916, when she made her first big appeal. The photograph of Lady Hall is reproduced by kind permission of Mr. de Laszlo

POOR Dick Kindersley! He was a light-hearted fellow, and many people will be sorry at his tragic death while train-jumping. In his brief career he had tried his hand at many things. He had been a reporter in Fleet Street; he had worked in his father's bank; he had been on the Stock Exchange, and worked at Hollywood. He had travelled a good deal round the world, and was an excellent caricaturist of himself and others, as the walls of more than one cocktail club can show. His tragic death will come as a great blow to his friends, and he had a happy gift of making them.

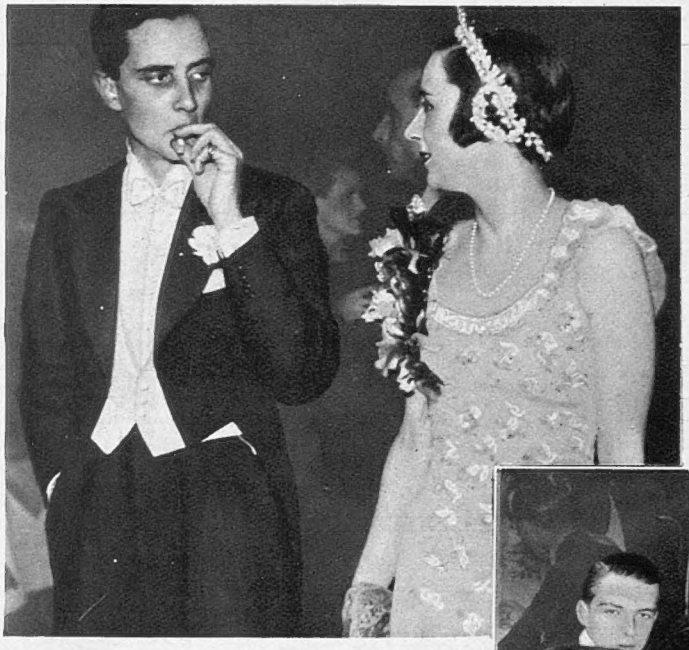
Baron Marocheti, the Duchess of Rutland, and Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys at the dance which was in aid of the Isle of Dogs Housing Society. The Duchess of Rutland was President of the Ball, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys was the Chairman, her husband was Master of Ceremonies, and Baron Marocheti was one of the ushers

Lady Anne Wellesley and Miss Pamela Wellesley were both in the 1815 Vignette, arranged by Admiral Mark Kerr. Lady Anne Wellesley also sold programmes

Beaux and Belles

At "The Ball of the Season"

Above: Four of those who helped with the programme-selling, which Lady Alexander arranged: Miss Eileen Johnson, Miss Jacqueline Castellani, Miss Loraine Johnson, and Miss Pom Kent



Above: The Hon. Jock and Mrs. Leslie at Grosvenor House, where the dance was held. Mrs. Leslie, before her marriage in the summer, was Miss Coral Pinckard

Right: Two more of the eight hundred guests at Grosvenor House were Mr. Brian Hurst and Mrs. Reginald Coke

Right: A party photographed at supper, including Lady Joan Villiers, Mr. Austin Coghlan, Miss Rosemary Kerr, the Hon. David Rhys, Miss Jeanne Stourton, Mr. David Colville, Miss Nadine Weismuller, and Mr. Toby O'Brien

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe

Parlez-vous Français?

Cosmopolitans At the Guitry First Night

Mrs. Charles Bristowe and the Marquess of Milford Haven were two of the brilliant audience that greeted Sacha Guitry on the first night of his season at the Cambridge Theatre

Below: Lady Dashwood and her escort arriving. The season opened with Guitry's play, "La Jalousie," in which he plays the part of the jealous husband whose wife can only convince him of her innocence after she is no longer innocent

Above: Mme. Zelie de Lusslussan, the famous prima donna, talking to the Ranee of Pudakota

Top, right (Oval): M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, was there to welcome his compatriots

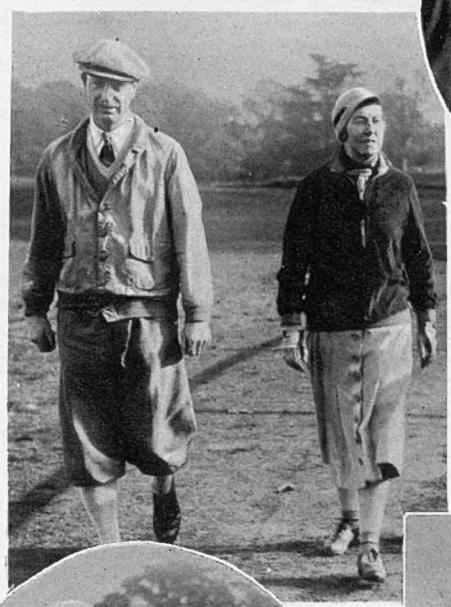
Left: Baron Cederstrom and Mrs. Redmond McGrath went to the Cambridge Theatre together

Captain and Mrs. Dennis Larkin look as if they are all ready to be amused by the inimitable Sacha and his new leading lady, from the Comédie Française, Madeleine Renaud

Miss Dorothy Hyson, the attractive daughter of Dorothy Dickson, was also a member of the Guitry first-night audience

Left: Lady Fremantle, Admiral Sir Sidney Fremantle's wife, and Captain Fraser, during a pause in the game

Below: Mrs. Noel Layton and Alec Gold on their way out to the first tee

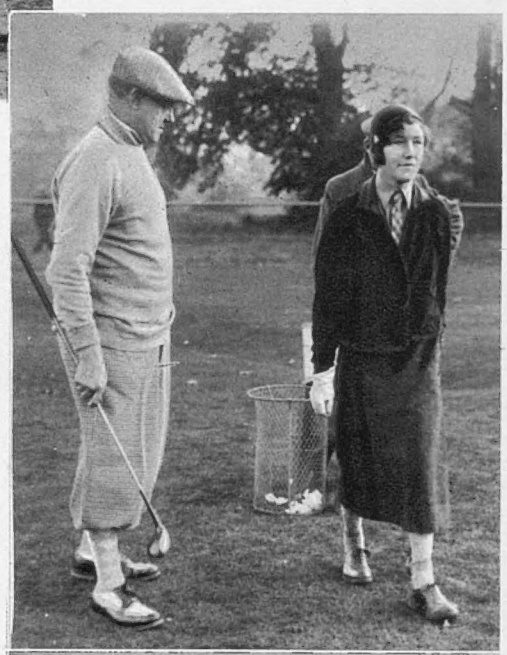


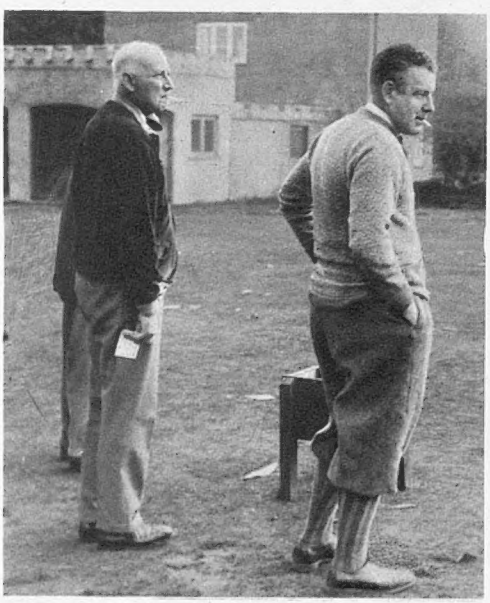
Above: Dr. E. E. Llewellyn and Mrs. R. O'Neill Butler, who tied for first place, and played off their tie a few days later with—

—Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward and his partner, Miss Sampson (below) (handicap 8), who finally lost the match by one hole

Mrs. M. L. Clarke and her partner, Guy Hemsley, were the couple who won the scratch prize with a score of 79

And Noel Layton and Mrs. Alec Gold hurrying on to the second green





Lt.-General Sir Louis Vaughan and T. H. Haydon anxiously watching their partners drive off from the first tee

Mixed Foursomes

The Prince of Wales and Princess Helena Victoria Cups at Wentworth

Right: Another pair of competitors, Miss S. Graham and G. Dottridge waiting their turn to start out

A Racing Reverie:

By "Regular"

ANNUALLY at the "mixed" meeting at Liverpool we are introduced to a different kind of Regular—the hard and fast "jumping" crowd who do not consider a race is worthy of the name unless it is punctuated with a number of formidable obstacles, any one of which is sufficient to put your money on the floor.

AS usual, I will deal chiefly with the women. Don't ask me what they do in the summer, 'cos I haven't the least idea. They look upon Epsom and Ascot as second-rate "flapping" meetings, and wouldn't be seen dead at either of them.

THE only thing I can think of is they are turned out with their hunters and jumpers, whose "legs" are a never-failing source of interest and monopolise the conversation from morning to night of the honest-to-God hunting and jumping community.

THIS year was no exception, and last week at Liverpool there they were again, looking big, bold and brawny and well, treating us flat-race people as if we were weaklings—"a whole season's racing and only one jockey broken a leg." Poor Harry Wragg is the only one they think worthy of the name jockey, but I bet he'd sooner be thought one of us.

OH, they're tough, these jumping girls! Not that they're not good-looking, 'cos there are some real "snorters," going round the meetings in Newmarket boots and mackintoshes. You must, however, be careful how you approach them, and for any man they don't happen to fancy who moves from his side of the taxi, they pack a punch in those slim, muscular arms like the kick of a cab-horse.

THE immediate open sesame to their hearts is a couple of broken limbs (you must break one before they think you're even natural), achieved in any way by a precipitate descent from a horse, other than slipping up on the tarmac or cutting a voluntary.

IF you can supply the requisite number of fractures, secured in the legitimate manner, then go right ahead. Have no fear that a "wicked right" will repulse your ardent advances, whether in a taxi or in a moonlit garden, according to taste and requirements of the moment.

SHOULD your fancy run to matrimony, I cannot recommend too strongly that you should take to yourself a "jumping girl." In the first place, she doesn't wear many clothes, by which I mean she doesn't often change them, or, rather, I should say she is quite content to remain in riding clothes, and doesn't always want to be getting into a Chanel.

ONE last word on the subject. Never pretend you've broken anything unless you really have, because she's bound to find out in the end (even a faked cracked pelvis), and hell holds no fury like a cheated jumper.

"TELL us a few horses likely to do well during the coming steeplechase season," writes a correspondent. And I need hardly say that my correspondent could hardly have written to a better man, and (my reply is: "The same old ——s (!!) who have been going round and round for years and years and years." That's information for you, if you like.

I ALWAYS like to see a two-year-old win first time out, then nobody can say, "The thieving ——; what was he doing last time out? Did you see the —— at Newmarket?"

AT Hurst Park (the last flat race meeting to be attended by a good many of us), George Duller produced Statesman, to win the Great Two-Year-Old Stakes in the style of one that knew what it was all about, although it was only its first appearance on a racecourse.

I DO not wish to belittle Statesman's achievement when I say that, in my opinion, he defeated the worst field that has ever turned out for this race. Curiously enough, every one of the five runners was fancied (which always makes things delightfully easy for backers), the idea being, presumably, that "though mine's no great shakes, I haven't got much to beat."

THERE were many more Regulars present than I thought would be the case after Newmarket, and I noted a slight air of embarrassment as they approached the rails; but I detected no caustic comments from those patient gentlemen on the other side. I could afford to be patient if I'd won what they have.

I AM afraid, though, few of us benefited by Statesman, but quite a few made their expenses over False Point and Debenture, and here lucky ones should offer up a prayer of thankfulness to Perryman and Gordon Richards, both of whom rode superb races on difficult mounts. In fact, I will go so far as to say that Richards' handling of Debenture was just about the finest bit of riding of the year.

MR. EMANUEL, who owns the big winner, appears to be one of the few rich Americans unaffected by the financial crisis (I refuse to refer to it as "recent"), and he is a great supporter of the Turf under both sets of rules. He is certain to win a lot of races jumping this year, and Duller's is a stable to follow.

BOTH Mr. Emanuel and his wife are desperately keen on hunting, and he has taken over the Woodland Pytchley this year. Nevertheless, he has just sailed for America; but Mr. Emanuel regards going to America much in the same way that you and I look on going to Brighton, so he'll probably be back by the end of the month.

Above: Mr. Dobson Peacock, the veteran trainer, talking to J. Taylor in the paddock at Thirsk Races, Yorkshire

Left: The champion jockey, Gordon Richards, and his brother, Clifford Richards, arriving at Hurst Park for the Autumn Meeting. Odds against Gordon Richards riding his two-hundredth winner are 100-8

Another photograph at Thirsk, one of the most popular of the North Country meetings: the Hon. Anne Wood and Miss Cavendish

At the Theatre

Poignant Maugham and a Musical Roundabout

Sketches of "For Services Rendered," at the Globe Theatre, By Rouson

Eleven dismal characters, one late of the R.N.,
His business failed, he took a gun—then there were ten
(Ralph Richardson)

The ten included Eva, with marriage on the brain,
She heard the news, became confused—in short, she went insane!
(Flora Robson)

Then Eva's sister, Lois, renouncing thoughts of Heaven,
Sold herself to an old roué—and now there's only seven
(Marjorie Mars S. J. Warmington)

The roué's fading consort, of man and home bereft,
Was carried out hysterical—half a dozen left!
(Marda Vanne)

The father of the family at the end is still alive,
Surprisingly, we must admit.
Well, well, that leaves us five
(C. V. France)

"For Services Rendered"

Now we know that Somerset Maugham is the Oliver Cromwell of the theatre. His new play, stark and bitter with tragedy, ranks him with Ibsen as a ruthless piler of Pelion's gloom on Ossa's Crown of Thorns. As a word-maker and word-saver, his execution is flawless. The characters are drawn with fearless and fiendish clarity. They shake our complacent belief that the wounds of war are healing. The provincial backwaters of England, they remind us, are littered with the ravaged victims of the great struggle. With a knife painfully sharp, the author rips open the old festering scars.

As a tour-de-force, this picture of Heartbreak House in a county town demands a chorus of critical plaudits.

Consider the finale. Paterfamilias, a pompous solicitor (C. V. France), drones on fatuously about the end of the slump, while his wife (Louise Hampton) is dying under his very nose. To his son (Cedric Hardwicke), a discontented idler, blinded in the war, the specialists' verdict would seem like a sudden light in the blackness.

Two women had just been removed screaming and struggling from the room. The first was the elder daughter, Eva, the domestic drudge who loved Collie, ex-naval Commander, D.S.O. and the only eligible bachelor in the town. Her starved passions throwing reticence to the winds, she had virtually told him so in two beautifully-written scenes, played, with moving restraint and nervous force by Flora Robson. But now the dense Collie (Ralph Richardson) had shot himself because he had been fool enough to scatter dud cheques among creditors in spite of the bank's edict. Eva, hearing of his suicide, had been borne upstairs a raving lunatic.

The other woman (Marda Vanne) is the wife of the rich man (S. J. Warmington) who has so far failed to persuade the younger daughter, Lois (Marjorie Mars) to run off with him. Lois is twenty-six, pretty, and hard as nails. She has another would-be seducer in the drunken farmer (W. Cronin-Wilson), whom her sister Ethel (Diana Hamilton) married during the war, because he looked nice in his uniform.

Eva's demented return—in her best frock, crooning, Ophelia-like, over her engagement to Collie — to chant "God Save the King" as the bitter Amen to her father's pompous sentiments, is the last straw. Lois can stand it no longer. She bolts.

One wished Lois luck in her flight. Her lover was an elderly sensualist, but he had promised a settlement of £20,000.

Why give the mother cancer in the family's greatest

Then his son, the selfish Sidney, blinded in the war,
Spends his time with chess and knitting, and that leaves us four
(Cedric Hardwicke)

Sidney's mother, Charlotte Ardsley, knows she'll soon be free,
Given just five months to live, alas! then there'll be three
(Louise Hampton)

Charlotte's brother, Dr. Prentice, now claims our attention
With Justifiable Homicide—which leaves just two to mention
(David Hawthorne)

hour of need? Why assume that sailors who are bad at business must need display criminal lunacy? Why not suppose that Collie and Lois, faute de mieux, might have fallen in love with each other?

The accumulated details are massed with too nerve-racking a profusion. It is not that one shrinks from looking tragedy full in the face; the screw is given one turn too much. In the end, one just ceases to care. And there, I think, the play fails; not artistically, but spiritually.

The acting, all round, is superb.

Not a happy couple either, Ethel, sad to think,
Is married to a common oaf whose only thought is drink
(Diana Hamilton)

"Wild Violets"

Old Drury is no longer a Lane which has no turning, but a merry-go-round for another of Hassard Short's White Horse Innings. The Wild Violets are the blooms of 1902—flounced and frilled, ruched and bombazined, pig-tailed and petticoated. But schoolgirls in Switzerland, so the Prologue (1932) exists to remind us, were just as gay and giddy in the distant days of billowy blouses with leg-o'-mutton sleeves as in the corsetless era of cocktails and cosmetics. By musical-comedy standards, thirty years have made no difference to their girlish gaieties, nor dimmed their concerted eye for a new maths. master or a vocal chorus of hearty young students in apricot coats and beaver trouserings. Nothing can surpass the heartiness of the three ringleaders, who lure Jean Cadell's Young Ladies from the dancing floor of the Château Violette to the lights and liquor of the local "Bull and Bush," and so to a gorgeous elopement scene between their leader (John Garrick, who can act as well as sing) and the new girl from England (Harriet Bennett, who can sing). Here the revolving stage becomes a receding one, and after witnessing a snowstorm of white undies in the dormitory at undressing-time (each girl appeared to wear at least six of everything), we behold with gasps of admiration the whole exterior moving up-stage amid a twinkle of stars and deepening shadows, while, one by one, the row of young ladies on the balcony, in their nighties, switch off their electric candles.

Placing the plot, dialogue, and interpolated comedy scenes on the average intellectual plane of these romantic spectacles, this lavish musical feast must be acclaimed a winner. The revolving pine trees, ice-rink and what-not appeal alike to the eye and that childish passion for mechanical toys which no nice-minded grown-up ever outgrows. The Christmas-tree lighting blends glamour with sophistication. Doris Zinkeisen's period dresses, with due allowance for stage licence, are wondrously wild and witty. Jean Cadell and Morton Selten gallantly throw all their skill into the melting-pot. Charlotte Greenwood, an American compound of Gracie Fields and Nellie Wallace, is a comédienne to her finger-tips—and lower, for those grotesque legs would move a mountain to mirth by merely stepping over it. Adele Dixon is the sauciest of flappers, and Jerry Verno is the shyest of foils. Apart from the scenery and all the revolving fun of the fair, the Albertina Rasch Dancers and the composer are the best-sellers. These acrobatic and comely ballerinas flit from posturing Nudism to Edwardian athletics with tremendous verve, and Robert Stolz's score is an endless store of infectious melody. Trinculo.

And here's the common oaf himself (W. Cronin-Wilson), who gives a great performance and is the only reason that the audience doesn't go insane too

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides:

By "Big Ben"

A few days more and the present Session ends. A new Session will be opened with all the customary pomp by the King in person; we shall have the usual King's Speech, and Parliament will go on doing what it has been doing for the last ten years—talking.

The Bishop of Chelmsford is a remarkable man. In a Sunday newspaper he has given to the nation the benefit of his views on how quite simply to solve unemployment. For the paltry sum of 150 millions, England shall regain her prosperity. The publicising Bishops of the Church of England are not unknown, but Members of Parliament have not forgotten the ecclesiastical fiasco of the General Strike. Prelates with Panaceas still perturb them.

Equally annoyed are they by the portentous political pronouncements every Sunday of a young man who, at the age of twenty-one, has done nothing to qualify for the rôle which he has adopted of national critic. One day in the future the young gentleman may desire to enter Parliament himself. A warm welcome, I am assured, awaits him.

What has happened to Brendan Bracken? We have seen his red hair about, but his tongue has been strangely silent. What a pity it is that he is so much a Churchillian! It has stunted the development of his own personality, which is considerable. Not the least of Mr. Churchill's faults is the disastrous effect his companionship has on those younger than himself. Nowadays we all buy fake furniture, but we don't deceive ourselves it is as good as the original.

One despairs of the younger Members of Parliament. Aneurin Bevan, the Socialist M.P. for Ebbw Vale, seemed some time ago to be on the threshold of a great Parliamentary career. A magnificent speaker, strongly reminiscent of Lloyd George in his best days, he had courage, an ascetic outlook on life, and was apparently a man with a purpose. Fate introduced him to what appeared a brighter, perhaps a glistening world. Undoubtedly, it is now "roses, roses all the way"—but has he lost his old sense of direction?

The agricultural world has found a champion worthy of it in Lord Winterton. He was well behind the scenes in all the marches and counter-marches that have gone on during the last fortnight. He is a fighter, which seems to surprise some of his leaders. When he was first in the House—he was twenty-one when he was elected—he was the "enfant terrible" of Parliament. The story is always told of him that on one occasion, after a certain Semitic Cabinet Minister had spoken for some time, he rose and asked Mr. Speaker if an official interpreter could be sent for.

Left: The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, photographed at the Jubilee banquet of the Birmingham Chartered Accountants

Hay Wrightson

The Member for Rossendale and His Family

Mr. Ronald Cross has been the Conservative Member for Rossendale since last year. Mrs. Cross is the daughter of the late Mr. Walter Green-Emmott, J.P. They have two daughters, Angela, aged seven, and Diana, who is five

Lord Melchett proposes in his recently published book the formation of a third House of Parliament. Can it be that, having left the Commons and finding himself not entirely happy in the Lords, he seeks to find a way out for his own activities?

The House of Lords Reform controversy, a hardy annual, may flower again at any moment. The group which had ideas on the subject have almost concluded their deliberations, and it will not be long before we are let into their secrets. "Startlingly Sensible" is the only comment on their recommendations that I have heard so far.

Hugh Molson has had most of the work to do in connection with this group. He is Member for Doncaster, has brains, a chin, and a good opinion of himself. He is something of an authority on India. At Oxford he was, I believe, a bright lad, but he seems to have lived that down.

Another young Conservative Member, whose constituency is not far from Doncaster, has made himself unpopular with the Socialists in the House by his behaviour towards them in the dining-rooms.

The New Year's Honours List is being compiled. Actually, a number of lists are prepared—by the Whips—the Party offices, 10, Downing Street, etc.—and are sent to what I might call a casualty clearing station. The final list as submitted to the King is the result of intensive pruning operations.

An M.P. and a Sailor

Captain Ian Fraser, M.P. for North St. Pancras, and Admiral Sir Roger Keyes at the War Disabled Men's Exhibition at the Imperial Institute, which was opened by Sir Roger Keyes

It is too early yet to forecast any "possibles," but a good many people are wondering if the manager of a certain political Press will get what he wants at last, or if he will have to wait a little longer until memories have grown rusty. There are bound to be Ottawa rewards; Mr. Chamberlain will see to it for one, at any rate.

The Economy Committees, official and unofficial, are in the process of dotting the i's and crossing the t's of their reports. Sir William Ray is in charge of the official Committee. Sir Gervais Rentoul of the unofficial. Sir William is the Big Man of the L.C.C. Sir Gervais Rentoul is a barrister but, like many others, has proved far more successful in politics than at the Bar. He has a fine presence, but it is prescience that counts.

George Cannons

MRS. ROBINSON CRUSOE

This is Douglas Fairbanks's leading lady in his new Robinson Crusoe film, on which he is now at work. Maria Alba is her name, and it looks as if she is bringing the brunette fashion in again, and probably a fashion for living on desert islands, too

Driving the Blues Away

Some Evening Pleasure Parties

Swaebe

The Hon. Sheila Berry, Lady Harcourt, and the Hon. David Smith looking cheerful at the Café de Paris

Below: Lady Alington and Lord Portarlington exchanging news on their way in to the Café de Paris

Swaebe

A. Owens

Above: Lord Poulett and Miss Mona Simpson both had something to say when they were together at the Gargoyle Club

Below: Another conversation piece at the Gargoyle: Miss Ivor Brice, the Argentine Minister's daughter, and Mr. Robin Mount

L.N.A.

Above: Lord and Lady Grenfell at the Ivory Cross Ball at Grosvenor House

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

LADY ASHLEY, looking very frail and lovely, is out and about again after a long illness. She has an amusing way of talking. So has Mrs. Cecil Pim, Mrs. Stewart-Brown, and Mrs. Nick Prinsep. Lady Ashley has one of the most lovely complexions I have ever seen.

WHAT has Sir Hugh Smiley done to deserve such luck? Nancy Beaton is a darling, and very much in love.

HAVE you seen—
Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine's spotted stock!
Sir Hugh Seely in a béret!
Mrs. Kindersley's "bootlace" dress fastening!

I DO like—
Lady Carisbrooke's gentle charm.
Lady Birkenhead's vivaciousness
Mr. John Loder's firmness.

WHY was a runaway lovely in tears the other night at a party?

WHO sleeps with a lace handkerchief under his pillow?

SO few women have glamour, but I think, perhaps, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward will before long. Mrs. Edward Greenall is mysterious; so is Lady Delamere. I suppose you would call Miss Celia Palmer natural.

I ALWAYS connect baby blue and orchids with Lady Dalrymple-Champneys.
Sensible, low-heeled shoes and rough tweeds with Miss Betty Baldwin.
Cleopatra head-dresses, pageants, and a "Who's Who" with Mrs. Charles Cartwright.

MRS. JAMES BECK is still the loveliest woman in London: her composed dignity, her grace and her charm make her quite unique. Her third husband, Mr. James Beck, should consider himself a lucky man.

IS the most beautiful of last season's débutantes, and a titled one, going to announce her engagement? We will be disappointed if she does—we had planned the catch of the year for her.

CHILDREN'S parties have started, and, my word! the young 'uns are gay. Romayne Drury is a belle; so is Mary-Ann Alington. Ann Dunn has already entertained—a good hostess at three years old. Lady Caroline Blackwood is enjoying life, and Lady Weymouth's Caroline is a very bright young person.

DOES Dean Inge know Sir Robert Throckmorton? Both are a bit gloomy. Does Lady Astor know Miss Enid Raphael? They are both quick talkers. Does Lord Londonderry know Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, and do they buy their collars together?

Sasha

At a recent first night: Mrs. Evans and Mr. Storey photographed as they arrived

LIKE Mr. Charles Graves, I'm going to write a book called "Panorama," but it will be a "Panorama of Embassy Nights"; of Mrs. Brownie Hollway in a Cartier necklace; Miss Whigham with a new dress; Miss Bingham with a new young man; Madame Florence de Peña with the same party; Lady Portarlington having a glass of water; of the Comtesse de Pret and Major Carlos Clarke.

OF recent brides, Mrs. Stanley Clarke and Lady Jersey are the nicest and most charming. I will not mention the one who is the nastiest—but everyone is sorry for "him."

HAVE you heard what the little lady we all know said to her husband when he found her kissing a very charming beau good-night in the hall?

MRS. ANTONY BELLVILLE looks her very best on a horse; so does Lady Sibell Lygon. What has happened to Mrs. Pearce, the first Lady Inverclyde? I haven't seen her for ages. She is a wonderful rider, and so attractive.

WHO peppered his hostess last week, and will not be asked again? Such a nice, plump little hostess, too!

EVERYONE seems to like Miss Barbara Hutton, but men still seem prejudiced against very red nails. I wonder why! Mrs. Philip Kindersley had silver nails a little while ago, but they didn't like those much better. But, according to reports, they did like a certain "lovely's" green toe-nails at one party.

MAY we suggest to—
A platinum blonde that "blackmail" is a nasty word?
To a brunette, just engaged, that a thin young man with a very large broken heart is very pathetic?
To a certain ex-wife that the past is much better forgotten if not forgiven? Anyway, we're bored with the story.

THE best-looking trainer is Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

L.N.A.

An attractive snapshot of Mrs. Woolf Barnato, Capt. Woolf Barnato's American wife, taken at the Ivory Cross Ball at Grosvenor House

The best-looking shop-girl is Miss Jeanne Stourton.
The best-looking actor is Herbert Marshall.
The best-looking M.F.H. is Lady Harrington.
Says I—and you?

ZENA DARE, who is to be Mrs. Darling in this year's "Peter Pan," has the most charming, slightly-drawling voice; her sister, Phyllis, has a melodious voice; Lady Baillie has a quiet, rather lazy voice; Miss Diana Churchill has a carrying voice; and Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg has a soft, caressing voice.

Who is the mother who runs down her daughter?
Who are the sisters who are rude about their brother?

WHO is the ex-Brigade-ite who abuses his wife.
And all titles, too, dearie!

THE cleverest young man in Mayfair is undoubtedly Lord Knebworth; the smartest, Mr. Teddie Phillips; the gayest, Mr. Terry Weldon; the most difficult to meet, Lord Carlow; the most quick-brained, Mr. Max Aitken; and the youngest looking, Mr. Teddie Phipps.

Royalty entering the train as a General

"Eddie" Tatham *writes another of his*

Letters to Mrs. Ginsberg

of Kansas City, commenting on that lady's recent visit to these shores with her daughter, Sadie

Illustrated by Pat Bellew

Heather-hopping Amazons dance themselves dizzy at night, joining their boy friends in letting forth the strangest shouts and squalls

DEAR MRS. GINSBERG,

I WAS very pleased to receive your letter, especially as it contained the good news that Sadie's first season in England has proved to be money well spent, and may end in "Wedding Bells." I know the young man; you will soon get used to his lack of chin, and he really is a kinsman of the Duke you mention, so with the help of a few railway accidents or a long drought he might even one dav succeed.

In the meantime, Sadie will be a distinct gain to the ranks of ex-débutantes.

When last I saw you, you were both sitting, unknowingly, on Lord Marblewall's specially reserved red chairs on the Squadron lawn at Cowes. Did you not notice the little name tags?

Cowes was indeed gay this year, with plenty of coming and going between the yachts: in fact, as far as GOING was concerned, the mantle of Lady Macbeth seemed to have fallen on a certain Hostess:

"I pray you, speak not;
He grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going
But go at once."

YOU would be pleased to be able to visit the MacGroats in Scotland for the "Gunning"; and the Tartan you and Sadie designed for yourselves sounds very original and refreshing: the glances you received at the Northern Meeting would, no doubt, be caused by jealousy rather than annoyance, as the Scottish Clans very seldom alter their Tartans.

It is extraordinary the effect that Scotland has upon its exiled peoples. Pallid young men who spend most of the year in London diddling each other at dominoes in the City during the day, and dicing each other for drinks at the Bachelors' in the evening, suffer a strange metamorphosis when "The Twelfth" draws near. They leave London one evening in their "city suitings" and emerge in Scotland next morning draped in Harris tweeds and smelling like a stable, whilst a clever flick of the posterior sends a kilt swirling over unsuspected gnarled knees, rather on the same principle that Royalty is apt to enter a train as a General and finish the journey as an Admiral!

Maidens who have drooped around London ball-rooms no sooner return to their Northern Eyries than they develop into lusty-fronted, heather hopping Amazons; they stride over the moors all day and dance themselves dizzy at night, frequently joining their boy friends in letting forth the strangest shouts and squalls.

SCOTLAND even brings out the "Were Wolf" ancestry in some of our Chaperones. Dear old ladies who have spent most of the summer tee'd up on gilt chairs, peering at their daughters through lorgnettes, or queuing up for supper on the arm of some "Poona-tanned" swain of their youth, at the first whiff of heather lose all control and think nothing of waddling up to their middles in a river and whacking the water all day for fish, or placing themselves precariously on a shooting-stick watching strong men jump amongst swords or stronger men throw trees about, and all the other means of expression that occur at a Highland Gathering.

There are many pitfalls for the unwary, and it was quite understandable, though perhaps rather tactless, for you to ask the Master of Muffin how his Mistress was. Sadie had bad luck, too, in mistaking the back view of a figure in short skirts and leaning on a crook, for little Bo-Peep, when it was really

The same Royalty as above finishing the same journey as an Admiral

Waddling up to their middles in a river and whacking the water all day for fish

the young Laird himself, The MacSpittle of MacSpittle. Scotch families have a peculiar habit of being "of" something and the more you can be "of" the better. The MacGuggles of the Glen, for instance, consider themselves vastly superior to the MacGuggles of the Railway Siding.

YOUR short stay at the Gleneagles Hotel on your way South would give you a pleasing peep of Palestine. It was lucky you were able to fit in a few days with Lord Foulweather in Hampshire; there you would see the bluest of blue-blooded bunions mashing fields of Turnips, pursuing Partridges. It was nice of the Marquis of Pathwater to lend Sadie his gun, and she is by no means the first person to notice the resemblance between a young hen Pheasant and a Partridge.

THE South of France was not such a success this year, and unless you had a Bentley, or knew someone who had a Bentley, or, better still, knew all the people who had all the Bentleys, you would not have enjoyed yourselves much.

You were right to decide on Venice, as it had a most crowded season, ending up with an "All-in" boxing week. It was a pity you arrived too late for this, as there were some very unusual and exciting finishes! When you arrived, most of the Embassy Club and Quaglino's had left, but you would be able to realise what an ideal place it is to spend a holiday. During the day, the Lido, with its "studied negligence," and, in the evening, the Piazza. You would also realise what a "social blunder" it was to sit anywhere except in the *correct* corner of the Piazza, only, as none of the St. Mark's pigeons are house-trained, it 's all the same in the end! This year, Cruising became a craze, and many of the faces you missed were probably careering about the various seas, being terribly British and patriotically "showing the petticoat" to various astonished Natives.

PEOPLE who were marooned in London during all this migration were, however, by no means to be pitied. Piccadilly Circus was up, and Mr. Swan and Mr. Edgar's most intimate plumbing was laid bare to an admiring populace. Buses ventured into the hitherto private sanctuary of Clubland, and people were able to peer through the windows and see the members feigning life. Acquaintances who, during the season, looked around to see if there was anyone better before they spoke to you, now rushed up with "gush" and offers of food. Maîtres d'hôtel who generally imply that every table is reserved for some "now-arriving" illustrious personage, would pop you on the best sofa seat and tuck you in themselves. Butlers who had filled you with awe when they announced you, would appear as ordinary mortals, standing in shirt-sleeves at the top of the basement stairs. It is sad to think that you and Sadie have left us, but you must return, like the Swallows, next Spring. Mr. Ginsberg and the whole of Kansas City will be waiting to welcome you; and your plan to lead a campaign for "Better and Wetter Women" sounds splendid: you should sweep the Country and carry all wavering "Drys" in a victorious "tiddly" torrent.

She is by no means the first person to notice the resemblance between a young hen pheasant and a partridge

Sadie mistaking the back view of a figure in short skirts and leaning on a crook, for Little Bo-Peep

Unless you knew all the people who had all the Bentleys, you would not have enjoyed yourselves much

The Passing of the Profile

By Sydney Tremayne

THE three greatest screen actors to-day are Emil Jannings, Charles Laughton, and Wallace Beery, a German, an Englishman, and an American. There is a certain facial resemblance between them, less superficial than the mere fact that they are three ugly men. They all have a plasticity and mobility of feature which could not exist in more perfectly moulded faces, which makes them capable of depicting emotions and thought processes photographically. To understand the supposedly "unromantic" side of life and portray it, perhaps necessarily with an ugly look or unbecoming gesture, might seriously interfere with the operation of a perfect profile.

But the day of the profile and the puppet is passed. Audiences like to look the screen actors straight in the face, and see them, not merely in careful deshabille, but in ludicrous and pathetic undress, and before they have shaved in the morning.

Jannings and Beery are established as box-office "draws": the popularity of these ugly men has nothing to do with the much "plugged" change of taste in the public which turned them from pretty young Latin-American heroes to the strong he-man type exemplified by Clark Gable and runners-up in the same class. The response to our ugly musketeers is cerebral, and is entirely divorced from their sex-appeal.

There is, and will always be, a public for the scenic representation of passion, romance, and mother-love, but there is also a place for the play and the player depending on great character-acting.

EVEN the most effulgent admirers of Charles Laughton's acting on the English stage predicted, after his performance in *The Man With Red Hair*, that he was virtually a one-part actor; he could go no further, because there were so few plays in which he could be cast. He confounded them with his M. Poiret in *Alibi* and his brilliant Al Capone study in *On the Spot*, and completed their rout as Jim Marble, the Cockney bank-clerk and murderer in *Payment Deferred*, a far more profound piece of work than anything he had done previously.

Then exeunt to America. His appearance in *The Old Dark House* must be looked on as a "try-out"—a camera test. In a cast in which practically every character is murderous, decadent, or mad, Laughton, the master exponent of the sinister, the vicious and the insane, is all plus-fours and plus Lancashire accent. In the hands of any ordinary actor this part would hardly have existed. Strange that, in retrospect, Karloff, with his hideous make-up, Ernest Thesiger, looking "so strange and so wild," who speaks Shakespeare and Shaw like an angel, and yet is all too sibilant behind the microphone, and all the horrors are more difficult to recall than Laughton's Manchester manufacturer, who takes a chorus girl on platonic excursions because he misses his dead wife!

Although it was shown before *The Old Dark House*, *Devil and the Deep* was Laughton's next picture. It was meant to be Tallulah Bankhead's picture, but when it was shown the critics expatiated on Charles Laughton's magnificent acting. Some of them mentioned that Tallulah played the part of his wife. Until then, Hollywood had not had the faintest idea of the size of the fish they had caught among the tiddlers in their "far-flung" net!

Were the publicity hounds still waiting to see which way the cat of public favour jumped that *Payment Deferred* came to the Empire almost unheralded?

This is only a programme picture, to fill the gap before the "special attractions" of the Empire's birthday week. The sets are simple, and, reasonably close to the scene of the stage play. The cast, with the exception of Laughton, is undistinguished. One sadly misses Louise Hampton, Elsa Lanchester, and Jeanne de Casalis. Laughton is such a good actor that he gives other parts and players greater worth and significance, but in *Payment Deferred* he is forced into a position of sole responsibility.

Laughton himself disappears. It is Jim Marble we are watching; Jim Marble, the Cockney bank-clerk, the man with a middle-class, routine mind, driven and harassed by debt, with the chance to make big money through inside information about the franc, thwarted by lack of the little capital needed to speculate on margin, horrified at the prospect of the disgrace of having the bailiffs in, facing dismissal if he cannot settle his debts, who yet would not think of touching the bank's money, who will repudiate with horror his wife's suspicion that he is a thief, even after he has become a murderer. You see him turning tout and then cringing borrower in a vain attempt to get hold of some money, and then—the idea of murder growing in his brain—the terrible opportunity, the intolerable temptation. . . .

It is not the pouring of poison into the whisky, or the glass falling from the paralysed fingers of the man horrified by his own act (the director's crude interpolations) which supply significance to these minutes; it is the face of the man himself, his mind, which you see working behind those changing eyes and in the lines of that ugly, fleshy mouth. . . . There is not a moment during the film when Laughton fails to hold your attention and, even if you "know the story," to keep you in suspense.

They have added an unessential, emotionally vulgar condemned-cell scene to *Payment Deferred*. Filmicly, this is a solecism. But it gives Laughton still another opportunity. He has depicted cruelty, terror, weakness, madness, villainy; in these few superfluous moments of the screen play he moves one to pity. Marble, the murderer, the lecher, weak, despicable and yet beloved, as such men often are, by one loyal woman; Marble, condemned to death for a crime he did not commit, weeps. Not because he is afraid to die—it is a sort of relief that it is all over—he weeps because he wants Annie, his wife, and one is moved to weep with him for the intolerable, pitiful mess human beings can make of their lives.

THE next part in which we shall see Charles Laughton is as Nero in *The Sign of the Cross*, directed by Cecil de B. Mille. This is the one-part actor! De Mille, the grandiose interpreter of the Scriptures, will have something to get his teeth into! One can foresee the arena sets, and the flames when Laughton, in a wreath of roses, is plucking at the harp, or it may even be scraping at a Stradivarius, before his final fade-out, but somehow, Laughton will triumph.

Direction is of infinite importance to the actor or actress of average, and even above average, talent to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand players. The really great are above and beyond the powers of any director to help or hinder. Among the women there is Garbo; among the men, Jannings, Beery, and Laughton, and the greatest of these is Laughton.

A famous profile which has made many a picture popular, is that of John Barrymore, who is now working on "A Bill of Divorcement." And Charles Laughton, a typical "full-face" actor, and the greatest of England's contributions to the film world; he makes a fine thing of his part in the film version of "Payment Deferred," now at the Empire

Photographs by Yevonde

The Lady Sibell Lygon

Two of the latest studio portraits of the second of the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp's four daughters. Lady Sibell Lygon has been doing quite a bit of journalistic writing in the last year or two, but hasn't given us a novel yet. Her latest news is that she has become a Socialist. Her brother, Lord Elmley, has sat in the House, since 1929, as a Liberal M.P., and was appointed Parliamentary Private Secretary to Major Hore-Belisha a year ago

Riviera Picture

Mrs. M. J. Goldman and Jean, her daughter, in the lovely garden of her villa at Cannes, "Domaine de la Croix des Gardes"

If Gossip We Must...

The Stage Golfing Society Banquet—A Bogus Election — The Guitry Season—A Sailor on Nelson

As one who cannot act or play golf (and has not, moreover, the smallest ambition to do either), I was given a seat of honour at the annual banquet of the Stage Golfing Society.

In my vicinity, however, the atmosphere was almost exclusively legal, with Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C., sitting almost cheek by jowl. "Jowl" is, perhaps, le mot juste. In addition to mighty barristers, there were mighty solicitors, including Mr. Theodore Goddard, kindliest of men, who can talk of roses as well as of writs.

Certain jokes about the Royal Family—quite good-natured ones, of course—in the subsequent cabaret entertainment I found a trifle embarrassing, because one yard away sat the Marquess of Milford Haven and four yards away the Marquess of Carisbrooke.

Both, however, were most jovial about it, and showed no signs of repeating the remark of their august forebear—"We are not amused."

That entertainment was hardly as amusing as those in previous years. There had, I believe, been complaints that it was growing a trifle too Rabelaisian even for a stag party. So it was not only bowdlerised, but bowlerised, for a jazz-band, with golden bowlers loosed and placed on the end of trombones, occupied most of the programme. A trombone may not be clever, but it is clean.

Left: Fay Compton as Camilla Graham and Jane Baxter as Bunny Shaw in "Once a Husband," the new comedy at the Haymarket Theatre

The Rivals

Stepping Up For His Prize

Miss Jeanne Stuart, who is playing in "Road House" at the Whitehall Theatre, presents the Branksome Challenge Cup to the winner, Mr. C. J. Anderson. The competition took place recently on the Parkstone golf course, and the prize-giving at the Branksome Towers Hotel, Bournemouth

A "broad" sketch or story is a strange thing; in a small gathering it is inoffensive, but in a large one, intolerable. I know a man whose great nightmare is that he is standing on the platform at a crowded Albert Hall meeting with some strange power compelling him to utter a short and unprintable word. He awakes sweating with terror.

Sir Nigel Playfair, in an amusing speech, mentioned certain actors who would sooner halve their golf handicap than double their salary.

That is what I call a real golf handicap; and I am wondering what the women unfortunate enough to be married to such men have to say about it.

Club-land should be interested in Sir Nigel's tale (based, I believe, on a degree of truth) of an exclusive establishment for which a rather obscure peer was proposed, seconded, and duly blackballed.

After some discussion it was decided to put him up again. So he was a second time proposed, seconded, and, on this occasion, elected.

She Sure Has Some Kick

Above: This is how M.G.M. girls keep fit and what they wear to do it in. Mary Carlisle and Muriel Evans do some high kicking on the lawn back of the studios

"What Would You Like Me to Read?"

Vera Lyndon (Laura Cowie) and her daughter, Jenny (Jean Forbes-Robertson), who goes blind, in a scene from "Strange Orchestra," Rodney Acklond's play at St. Martin's Theatre

Walter Bird

Glen Ellyn

One of the lovelies in "Stepping Out," the new version of "After Dinner," which moved to the Piccadilly Theatre last week

The secretary sent him the usual official letter announcing the happy result. "I am deeply appreciative of the honour." ran the reply, "of being elected to the ———— Club, of which I have been a member for thirty-six years."

I HAVE just seen the Maharajah of Jodhpur wearing Jodhpur riding-breeches—the things that try to be trousers and can't, or, at any rate, aren't.

It now remains to see Lord Brougham in one, Lord Cardigan wearing one, Lord Sandwich eating one, Sir Herbert Austin driving one, the Duke of Wellington walking about in a pair, and Sir William Bass and Lord Moyne each drinking one. For it must be remembered that Moyne 's a Guinness.

I HAVE discovered one of Sacha Guitry's great delights in his all-too-rare visits to London. It is to spend an hour or so in Woolworth's.

Having myself been elected a member of Woolworth's some time ago, I can realise the fascination. The children's toy department is Sacha's chief occupation, though I know not to whom he gives his purchases. Not, obviously, to his first-night audience, for they seemed to be well out of the sixpenny class and up to Russian Ballet standard.

We are strange folk. Any foreign theatrical attraction—ballet, opera, or French players—can always be relied upon to draw a vastly more glittering crowd of patrons than any home-made entertainment. Many were the expensive

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 15—The Squash Rackets Player

IF the figure you have cherished
For its straight and supple shape
Is departing in a holocaust of curves,
And the "roaring Forties" hold you
In a grip you can't escape
And you suffer with a liver and your nerves,
Do not mope around complaining
That you're feeling "out-of-sorts"
And protest that taking exercise is tosh,
But go out and buy a racket,
Plus a sweater and some shorts,
And then play a hard and hearty game of Squash.

At the start you'll gasp and gurgle
As you wildly slash about,
And you'll loathe each gasping second that you play,
For, though "clubable" and kindly,
You will find without a doubt
That you're finished when the black ball comes your way.
As the wretched thing comes whizzing
Straight and fast towards your belt
You will doubtless make a wild and woolly slosh,
Hit the back wall, smash your racket,
Catch your hand a fearful welt
And then curse the hour in which you took up Squash.

But as time sees you improving
At this far from gentle sport,
You will find the game will give you quite a thrill,
And then, when at last you've learnt to
Hold the centre of the court
And to keep your eye fixed firmly on the "pill,"
You'll no longer flop and flounder
Like a codfish brought to land,
But as you score a winner you'll cry, "Gosh!
I may not be an expert,
But I'm feeling simply grand.
In winter there's no game to equal Squash!"

B. W.

and familiar female dials in that theatre in the heart of Seven Dials, with Evelyn Laye and Dorothy Dickson's daughter, Dorothy, among the shining beauties.

June was escorted by young Randolph Churchill, who was occasionally silent, even in the intervals.

THE programme at the Cambridge Theatre was adorned with photographs of Mlle. Jacqueline Delubac (very large photograph) and of Mlle. Renaud (very small photograph). Since the latter is the leading lady and has arduous rôles to play, and since the former appeared in a tiny part as a secretary-typist, this seemed inexplicable. Like Rosa Dartle, I do not pretend to know, but do like to be informed.

Neither of these ladies, however, made us forget the adorable Yvonne Printemps.

I would suggest that for the remainder of the season there should grace the programme a photograph of Sacha, taken by Sasha, and another of Yvonne, taken by Yevonde. Or vice versa.

ADMIRAL MARK KERR—witty talker, good teller of good stories, a great man at fancy-dress affairs, and a pillar of White's—has written a book on Nelson, which I have been reading with great interest.

Never, I think, has it been made so clear that "the Nelson touch" was something very real, though the author does not plunge into controversial topics by discussing Jutland and drawing other modern comparisons.

His account of, and comments upon, the Battle of Trafalgar are intended for laymen to read; they are quite enthralling and relieved from the technical language which only sailors can construe.

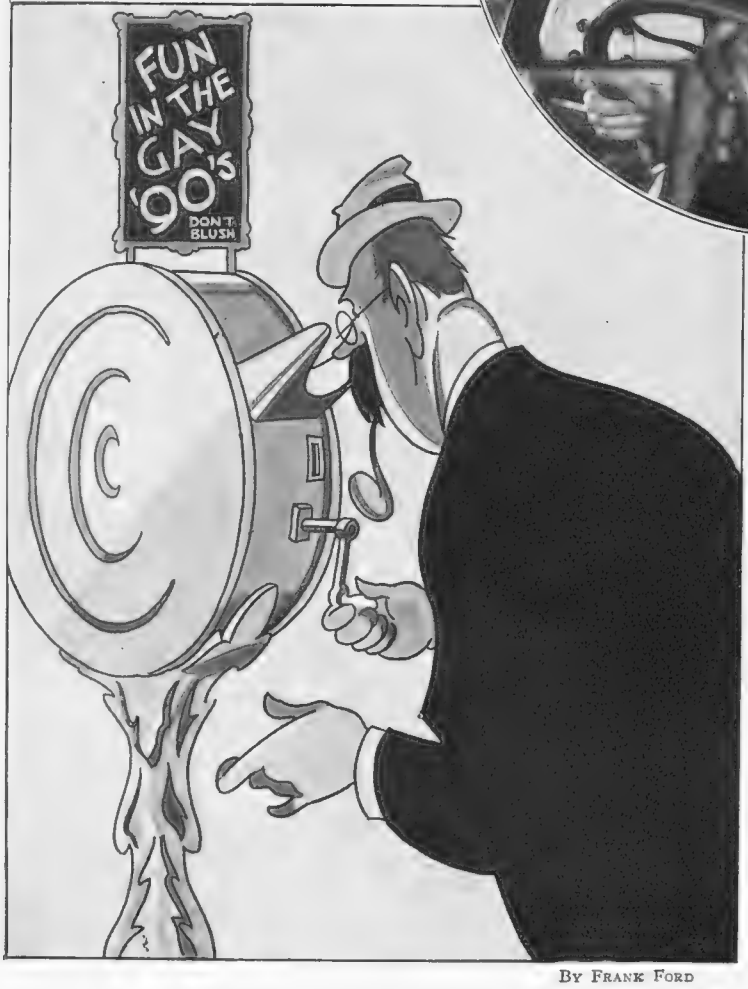
The dramatic detail of the story of Nelson's death, with devotion to his country murmured with his last breath, gives a touch of irony to the fact that the base of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square should be used weekly for the most pestilentially unpatriotic utterances. If hunger-marchers (now packed off home by train, scattering sandwiches out of the window) and others of that kidney *must* wave hammer-and-sickle banners and preach Communism, let them keep to Hyde Park. The present arrangement has long been an insult to a great man's memory.

Sasha

Gabriel Service (Leslie Banks) and his secretary (Tracy Holmes) listen to a plea for new stockings from Caroline, his daughter (Ann Todd), in "Service," the business play at Wyndham's

Constance Bennett and Lowell Sherman in a scene from "What Price Hollywood?" a Radio film in which Hollywood amusingly makes mock of itself. It was generally released last week

"Drive On, Sir, Drive On!"



BY FRANK FORD

"Well, if it ain't the wife!"

THE other day a taxi-man remonstrated with me (not politely) for struggling fiercely with the door of his cab in an endeavour to get out of it.

The new cabs now on the London streets are elegant, swift, and comfortable. But the inside door latches have been designed either by a lunatic or by a man who takes a sadistic pleasure in causing perplexity.

Not only are they so tiny that not more than two fingers can be accommodated; even when they are pulled, the door will not open unless one gives it a savage kick, which hurts one's toe, a sort of football charge, which bruises one's elbow, or a knock with a stick or umbrella, which is apt to smash a valued possession.

As it is too much to hope that full-sized and generally efficient latches will be fixed to London's taxis, I suggest that a heavy hammer should hang in each of them for the purpose of door-opening, or as a means of clinching any argument that might arise with the driver.

Engaged : A Double Event

The Beaton Sisters and Their Fiancés

An impression by Pat Charles, with apologies to Cecil (Photographer) Beaton, of two lately engaged couples. Sir Hugh Smiley and Miss Nancy Beaton (inset, in Kensington Gardens) announced their engagement a fortnight ago, and Mr. Alec Hambro and Miss Baba Beaton a few days earlier. The Beaton sisters are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beaton, of 61, Sussex Gardens; Mr. Cecil Beaton is their brother

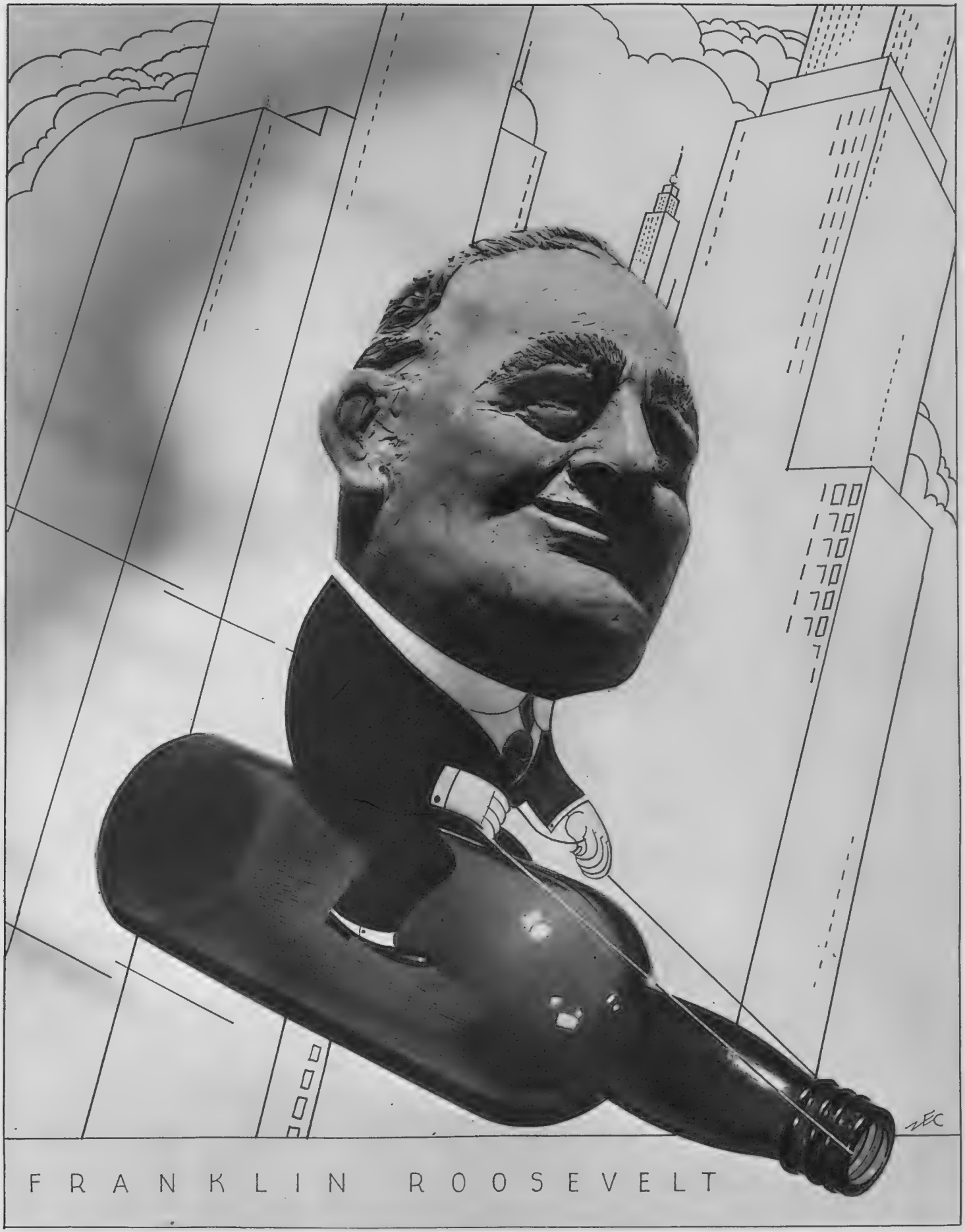
Wild Violets To-day and Yesterday

Glamour they may have had, romantic they may have seemed, mysterious or ladylike, but how uncomfortable! The sports fashions of 1900, as worn by the Albertina Rasch girls in "Wild Violets," are vastly amusing and attractive, and Miss Doris Zinkeisen, the designer, has made that second act a thing of delight, but hooray for progress! We do like our shorts and breeches, our tweeds and brogues, our divided tennis skirts and our next-to-nothing bathing dresses best, after all

PERSONALITIES IN PLASTICINE

No. 2: Franklin Roosevelt

Modelled and Designed by Zec



Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Selection Forecast; and Some Bad Habits

THINGS stir in the Rugby world. Already the 'Varsity sides begin to take shape; there is progress in the County Championship; the earnest faces of Selectors are to be seen fringing the touchline at important matches, and soon, I suppose, I shall have to be getting my passport visaed for the English Trials in Sunderland and Torquay. Sunderland and Torquay—what journeys we have to make in the name of pleasure! And after Torquay we go to Cardiff, Dublin, and Edinburgh. I picture, a little grimly, those restless nights in sleepers, those interminable arguments in musty hotel lounges, those patient, shuffling, good-humoured crowds at the turnstiles.

AND, talking of the County Championship, they tell me, by the way, that I spoke rather harshly about it in these notes last week, for which I am in no wise penitent. I wonder if it would be unduly rash to tip the East Midlands as potential winners? Let us say, at any rate, that it is difficult to see who will beat them while they maintain their present form. To begin with, they have an exceptionally fine pack of forwards, though, unfortunately for England, one of the best of them, A. D. Matthews, happens to be a Welshman. Then at scrum-half, W. A. Sime may prove to be one of the discoveries of the season. Sime comes from Bedford, and he whips his passes away beautifully; it would not surprise me to find him chosen for one of the Trial teams. The trouble is that scrum-halves are two a penny in England just now, which adds to the Selectors' difficulties. B. C. Gadney, W. H. Sobey, A. Key, E. B. Pope, and G. J. Dean have all played for England in recent years, and all of them are young and fit enough to play again; and the existence of such excellent performers as Sime and F. W. Simpson is almost embarrassing. It is a pity that some of these scrum-halves cannot transform themselves into stand-off halves, for it is here that England is likely to be weak.

THERE are no stand-off halves of international calibre in England today, that is the truth of the matter, and the Selectors will be hard put to it to fill the gap. They may bank on W. H. Elliott's steadiness again; they may experiment with C. Slow, though Slow is tending to become an individualist rather than a constructive player; they may return to Barrington, of Bristol, who certainly made the most of his opportunities against the Harlequins the other day. I have an idea, though, that J. A. Tallent might turn out to be the best of our stand-off halves if he were given a chance to play regularly in the position for Blackheath.

AND how about the English three-quarter line, which, by this time, we should be able to visualise? Well, C. D. Aarvold on the wing, and R. A. Gerrard and D. Burland in the centre suggest themselves at once, provided that Burland's injured shoulder has recovered satisfactorily. If Burland is unfit—which Heaven forbid!—there are possibilities about L. L. Bedford, who has been playing brilliantly for Yorkshire, while A. C. Harrison must surely be given another trial on the wing. With T. Brown as the obvious choice at full-back, the nucleus of an England side emerges from chaos, and I 'll just make a list of the names again in order that you may pull it to pieces. Here it is: Brown; Aarvold, Gerrard, Burland or Bedford, Harrison; Tallent, Simpson; forwards from B. H. Black, G. G. Gregory, N. L. Evans, R. G. S. Hobbs, A. Vaughan Jones, C. Webb, P. Dunkley, J. McD. Hodgson, C. L. Troop, G. C. M. Falla. And there are doubtless some tremendous fellows in the North and the West Country who will batter their way into the Trial matches at least.

DOWN in Wales they have already had their first Trial, and I hear optimistic reports of it. A. R. Ralph played wonderfully well at stand-off half, and so did T. E. Jones-Davies in the centre, while Bryn Evans seems destined to be W. C. Powell's successor at scrum-half. Whether Powell will represent Wales again I don't know—it is seven years since he received his first cap—but I think it would be a mistake to give Bryn Evans his baptism in International football against England at Twickenham.

IT is a considerable ordeal to come up from the comparatively small Welsh grounds and play before the huge Twickenham crowd, though to Powell it is second nature by now, even if he does remember his last appearance at Twickenham with somewhat mixed feelings. This was two years ago, when England drew with Wales, thanks to that superb penalty goal kicked from halfway by B. H. Black in the last few minutes of the game. Powell himself kicked a remarkable goal from a mark, but he also gave England a try by hurling the ball into midfield from touch on the Welsh line. Possibly, the Welsh backs were partly to blame for being temporarily asleep, but I cannot believe that the long throw from touch in your own twenty-five is ever really justified. J. C. Gibbs tried it twice when the Harlequins played Bristol the Saturday before last, and twice Bristol nearly scored. In my opinion, this manœuvre should be ruled out unless the position of the game warrants taking a desperate risk.

Another irritating manœuvre is the habit of knocking the ball back from the line-out. Generally it is both useless and senseless, and there has been far too much of it in the games I have watched this season.

ONE final grouse — I notice a growing tendency among three-quarters to creep up offside in defence while the ball is being put into a scrimmage, a mean trick which takes advantage of the fact that the referee is often so intent on watching for scrimmage infringements that he forgets to look behind him. Perhaps this is sometimes due simply to overkeenness, but however it may be explained, it may easily become a habit which is definitely opposed to the spirit of the game.

Left: A line-out during the match between Oxford University and Richmond on the Richmond Athletic Ground, in which Oxford was victorious by 11 points to nil

Touch and Go

A Bristol man is brought down outside the touch-line: an incident of the Harlequins v. Bristol match at Twickenham, when Bristol won by three points to nil

Books of the Week: By "Ericus"

DURING your rambles through London's byways, do you find yourself occasionally musing on the forgotten past of some dilapidated mansion raising its head with an air of pathetic dignity among its upstart neighbours? Such a house is *Belinda Grove* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.).

Miss Helen Ashton opens it for our inspection in the year 1815. It has been built by a "buck" of the period, Lord Alciston, as a polite gambling hell, into which he inveigles the young and unwary to their undoing. A quarrel over the card-table results in the death of a gallant sailor, Captain Martlett, who is there primarily to guard the interests of his nephew. But, if the rascally peer thought to rid himself of an inconveniently suspicious adversary, he was vastly mistaken. For the Captain's ghost, with a tenacity typical of the Senior Service, continues to haunt the house through the various stages of its history, respectable and otherwise, until its eventual demolition in 1932. If I were to describe his interventions in the affairs of the house's inhabitants, I would only spoil for you Miss Ashton's excellent story. So I will content myself with urging you to read it for yourself, for it contains dramatic qualities to an unusual degree and moves with admirable speed over its century-long journey.

IT is all too long since we heard from Mr. Stephen Leacock. *Afternoons in Utopia* (The Bodley Head; 5s.), his new collection of philosophical absurdities, is therefore all the more welcome. There is no one to-day who can leaven humour with wisdom so deftly as Mr. Leacock. "What," the Ambassador of 2000 A.D. is asked, "is the League of Nations for?" "The object of the League," he replied, "is the maintenance of peace and war." "But there isn't any more war now." "Not just at present," said the Ambassador, "but we think it likely that one will be arranged for next winter. If we succeed in getting it started, we shall then at once offer our services to stop it. In fact," he said, rubbing his hands, "it will be quite like old times again."

THEN there is *Tom Buncom at Shucksford*, a hilarious burlesque of the college of to-morrow; and *The Fifty-Fifty Sexes*, sex-equality reduced to an absurdity; and *War Extracts From the Press of 2500 A.D.*, including an account of the loss of the gasoline buoy that was left standing on the burning deck. And so on, in the delicious vein of which Mr. Leacock is a master. Read it and remove that careworn look, as they say in the advertisements.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that.

TRUE, brother, true! But in his autobiography, *A Man's A Man* (Duckworth; 6s.), Mr. Francis Anthony failed to convince me that he is typical of the quotation. For Mr. Anthony, despite his denials, is a snob. A pardonable snob, certainly, for he is no social climber in the ordinary sense, but a snob "for a' that." Not that this impaired my interest in his book.

His story commences with his gropings towards culture and refinement amid the sordid surroundings of a cottage orphanage, and continues in the rough and ready atmosphere of a cavalry barracks. Here, while visiting "his officer," he notices among the usual trappings of gentility a pair of highly polished polo boots. These boots "seemed to me a sign of nobility, something that could not come into contact with the crude language of the barrack-room, something so distant from the beastliness of 'square-pushing' or the sweaty clothes that made the barrack-room so insufferable at night." Henceforth, "to become a gentleman" like the owner of the boots, a cavalry officer of the best type, is the young soldier's one ambition, an ambition to which the outbreak of war brings only a temporary check. He goes to France, is taken prisoner, and escapes through the intervention of a Belgian "girl-friend." After the Armistice, he leaves the Army and eventually succeeds in carving out a career for himself in London, New York, and Hollywood, but not as a film star, strange to relate! In his spare moments he seizes every opportunity of improving himself by voracious reading and careful observation of the class to which he aspires. And so at last to the proud moment when he stands talking on equal terms with "his officer" at Hurlingham.

Mr. Warwick Deeping, "and friend," at Eastlands, his home at Weybridge, Surrey. Mr. Deeping is one of the most popular of novel-writers, and his "Sorrell and Son" was almost as much of a best-seller on the screen as it was in print

WHETHER or not one agrees with all Mr. Anthony's social theories and aspirations, he has written a sincere and, particularly in its earlier portions, a moving account of grit and determination in the face of tremendous difficulties. And, above all, he is a patriot. England first, the rest nowhere, so to speak. Mr. Wal Hannington would enjoy this book!

"GREAT DUST," by Peter Traill (Grayson; 7s. 6d.) is an original and cleverly constructed story. Mr. Lapwood starts out to unmask a thief among his circle of friends, and ends by exposing both them and himself to a scathing indictment of their characters. I felt sorry for them all, but didn't they just deserve it! Which will show you that these people of Mr. Traill's are no lay figures, but very much alive and kicking. He ends his story on a fine dramatic note. But I have an unchivalrous feeling that the presence of Georgina would have made his final car-smash even more satisfying!

THE spate of autumn publications continues and compels me to give the following a far briefer notice than I would like:

The Little Golden Calf, by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov (Grayson; 7s. 6d.).

A burlesque of conditions under the Soviet, its flavour is strongly reminiscent of O. Henry's *Gentle Grafter*, with a dash of Chesterton's *Flying Inn*. The translation is not all it might be, and tends to spoil what is otherwise an amusing parody of a sternly self-conscious people.

Hungry England, by A. Fenner Brockway (Gollancz; 2s. 6d.).

A plain statement of the facts of life in our industrial centres, with particular reference to the Means Test, and so coming at a most opportune moment. No thinking person should miss reading this book, whatever his political views.

Some Dickens Men, by Edwin Charles (Rich and Cowan; 12s. 6d.).

An affectionate and altogether admirable survey of twelve of Dickens's immortal male characters. One only wishes the number were doubled.

Four Fantastic Tales, by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.).

An omnibus volume, containing "Maradick at Forty," "Prelude to Adventure," "A Man With Red Hair," and "Above the Dark Circus." This is obviously a remarkable seven-and-sixpence-worth, even in these hard times.

Filmland in Ferment, by E. G. Cousins (Dennis Archer; 10s. 6d.).

A most instructive "peep at the wheels going round" in the film industry.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

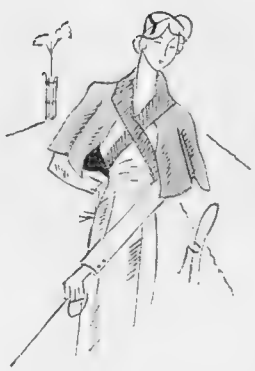
Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

PALE green and russet brown are combined in this new evening ensemble which Molyneux has designed for Gertrude Lawrence to wear in the first act of "Behold, We Live." The dress is of pale green crêpe, and the short cape is bordered with russet brown coq's feathers

Two Capes of Different a Fickle-Minded Black

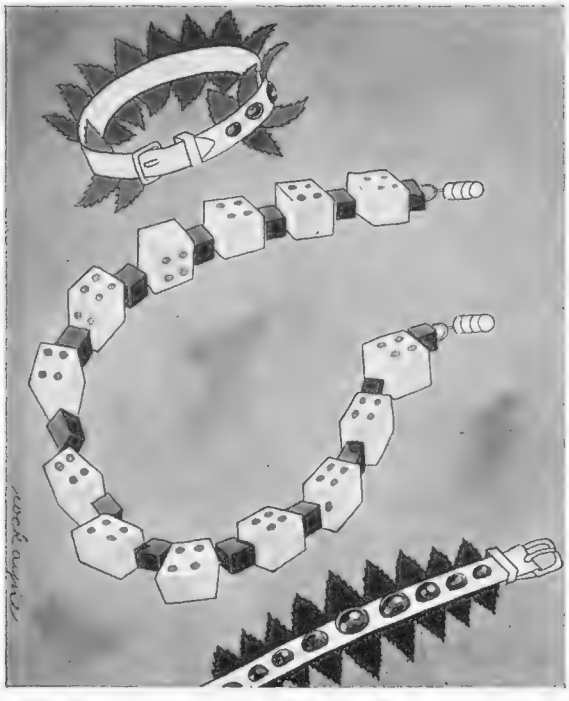
MISS NINA VANNA, who is shortly to be seen on the films—and a very welcome recruit she will be!—is photographed here in a clever costume from Maggy Rouff. Her coat of rough black wool buttons in the front and is cut on slender lines which enable it to be accompanied by two alternative capes of completely different character

Character Accompany Coat of Rough Wool



FOR the morning walk Miss Vanna wears with her coat a cape of white spotted woollen material with cross-over ends which button at the back, and gloves of the same material. For the afternoon she exchanges this for an ermine cape of similar cut and a barrel muff of the same fur. Her black hat is from Rose Valois

new jewels and accessories



HAVE you got a rather dull black dress with no particular character and which gives you no pleasure to wear? Then acquire the novel necklace of fur shown above on the left. It is designed by Beatrice Dawson and consists of a band of white fur mounted on a wire and has a black cord twisted around it: it may also be obtained in beige and grey. The same designer is also responsible for the necklace and belt of plaited multi-colour wool strands threaded in and out of metal rings—exactly what is needed to enliven a non-committal jersey dress. These necklaces and belts can be obtained in a variety of colour combinations from H. J. Nicoll. Far fewer jewels are worn in the evening than last year, but a smart parure consists of a necklace of brilliants set in metal, and wide bracelets to match. These come from Harvey Nichols. A leather bracelet studded with metal nail heads and edged with a pointed border of a contrasting colour is an attractive accessory for a sports suit. These are designed by Beatrice Dawson and can be obtained from Leathercraft. The necklace on the left is, surprisingly enough, made of electric insulators strung on a chain and alternated with square, black beads! Original, inexpensive and smart, but certainly not luxurious

An Ermine Wrap

Scaioni

A SHORT ermine wrap priced at 59 guineas comes from Debenhams, where a particularly good collection of smart models is to be found. Their catalogue will be sent to any reader on request

Old Boys at Play

The Old Carthusians' Golf Meeting at Wentworth

Above: J. Graham Williams and P. Reiss waiting their turn at the first tee

Right: Clive Castle and Keith Drayson sport a nice and much envied line in mackintosh trousers

S. G. Morrison photographed on his way to the first green

J. Morrison, who wears a deer-stalker, lighting a match for Bernard Drew, one of the no-hat brigade

Right, circle: Capt. G. M. Gamble and Capt. F. G. Weare find somebody's shot very fascinating

Left: O. E. Evans, looking cheerful in spite of the weather

Above: K. V. Braddon, T. A. Temple, and I. G. Braddon walking out from the club-house

Centre, left: Another couple just starting out: H. Clayton and V. Reiss

Left: A. G. Vlasto and G. D. Smart marking up their cards

Photographs by Bertram Eary

Opening time is GUINNESS TIME

GUINNESS AND OYSTERS ARE GOOD FOR YOU

G E 253

Hunting—Its Lighter Side

More Opening Meets

Above: Lady Joan and Lady Anne Bridgeman, Lord and Lady Bradford's daughters, and Miss Deardon (centre) at the Albrighton opening meet at Weston Hall, Lord Bradford's Shropshire place

Above: Sir Alexander Stanier, the Master, and Lady Stanier at the meet of the Household Brigade Draghounds at Heatherden Hall, Bucks

Left: At Knepp Castle, where the Crawley and Horsham held their first meet of the season: Lady North talking to Mrs. Weber Brown

Another photograph taken at Knepp Castle, which belongs to Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell, when the Crawley and Horsham met there: Viscount Ratendone and Miss Cayzer

Major Smith-Bosanquet, Master of the Smith-Bosanquet Hounds for twenty-five years, being congratulated by the hunt's youngest member, Miss A. Prescott, at the Broxbournebury meet. Sir Geoffrey Church, the Field Master, is on the left

Letters of a Lady Golfer

A Rod in Pickle

By Eleanor E. Helme

Below: Miss Hilda Cameron and Miss Mollie Gourlay waiting at the first tee at Wentworth

Waiting Their Turn

Association Golf

The Women's Automobile and Sports Association held their open golf meeting at Wentworth, and above are four of the competitors. On the left: Miss Barbara Daniell, her spaniel, Cinders, and Lady Carisbrooke; and right: Lady Headfort with Miss Dorothy Pearson

Dear Bystander—

Ever since that Bystander dinner at the Forum Club I have been thinking very seriously over what Lady Denman said about criticism. You remember her nice humorous way—the sort of thing that is almost impossible to reproduce in cold print—when she told us that all seemed so very well with women's golf that she had only one fear about it—there were no criticisms; and criticisms, she maintained, were healthy. I heartily agree with her. I have a notion that you do, too, and so I have arranged—you can guess with what difficulty—for a series of Open Letters to famous lady golfers which shall form part of my own letter to you each week. I don't feel sure how much the subjects of these Open Letters will like them. My good lady has a frank, not to say tart, tongue, and for the good of all their souls I don't propose to censor her remarks. Accordingly, let me hastily repeat the old time-worn formula that the Editor does not hold herself responsible for the opinions expressed by her correspondents. Moreover, the poor subjects smarting under criticism can comfort themselves with this: the writer of these Open Letters wishes to remain entirely anonymous, and we all know that the right place for anonymous letters is the waste-paper basket, preferably unread. It would be very interesting to know, when the series comes to an end, how many of the subjects have been sufficiently strong-minded to put their Bystander unread into the waste-paper basket. I couldn't do it, could you?

Perhaps I ought to add that the identity of the writer is known to me, but wild horses will drag nothing further from me. She tells me she will sign herself "Steel Shaft." Knowing the lady, I fancy some of those shafts will be full of whip.

Talking of horses, I was on my way down the other day to report at the Berkshire, and I passed a lot of sheds labelled "Bertram Mills Circus." The next thing I saw was a lovely grey horse prancing along the road, and then I saw more prancing horses outside more stalls, and Patrick Chalmer's verses went jingling in my head—

When the Circus came to town,
There came Steeds of high renown,
Horses black, and white, and brown.

It was quite hard work to go on and settle down to reporting golf, but then, anyway, I was going to do something which I haven't done for quite a number of years and which always excites me—report on a course whereon I had never before set foot. It has its disadvantages, of course. If the couple you want to watch, under a firm conviction that one of them will win the scratch prize, have already started when you get there, you may waste a deal of time toiling up hill and down dale after them. Especially when it's not quite the ordinary run of golfers who are playing. I could tell the silhouette of Miss Wilson, Miss Fishwick, Miss Gourlay a mile away against the sky-line; but Lady Annaly, Lady Headfort, Lady Betty Butler, the particular distinctive characteristics of their swings, are not so indelible in my mind, and then, in a handicap event, it is so difficult to know who one ought to watch. So, after seeing Lady Carisbrooke hit some very good mashie shots indeed, and Mrs. Douglas Grant put a beautiful iron on to the 5th (this was on the Red Course), I took refuge in watching Miss Dorea Stanhope, who, I felt, ought to win the scratch prize. At least, really, the Northern Champion, Miss Isabel Worsley, ought to have done that, only, as she cherishes a conviction that she plays her worst if my eye is upon her, the only thing to do is to remove that eye, kindly though I try to make it. Miss Stanhope had been none too clever on the outward journey, but she was a reformed character coming home, and she won the scratch prize with 87. So I had watched the right player, after all, though but for a couple of shocking holes Miss Worsley's 89 would have been a lot better.

Lady Annaly's 74 net and Lady Headfort's 79 were first and second in the handicap, and Lady Headfort carried off the handicap aggregate on Spring and Autumn Meetings with 154. It looked to me as if that Red course was a pretty fierce dish to set before the Parliamentary golfers, none of whom gives very much time to the game. Though the Blue is probably just as difficult for a first-class man to score on, it seemed to have fewer terrors for the ladies, as in the afternoon foursomes there were three net scores under 40 for nine holes, the best of them being Mrs. Gurney's and Miss Patricia Little's 38½.

The weather was much kinder the next day for the Women's Automobile and Sports Association meeting, which *Fairway and Hazard* lent a hand with at Wentworth. The autumn tints were glorious, and one golfer assured me that if there was gold on the trees, there was silver in the lake, where pike were rising in great quantities. I don't know if that is a fishing story! I did not see them myself. But there is nothing of the fishing story about the minute length of putts which Miss Gourlay had to hole at five consecutive holes on the outward half. To count a stroke for them really seemed iniquitous. Her 35 out was beautiful golf. The 10th and 12th are a positive hoodoo to her; so much so, that she thinks about them, as a good many other people do, beforehand, which is disastrous. They and the 13th did their best to spoil her card, but her 76 won the scratch prize, with Miss Dorothy Pearson 79, and Mrs. S. C. Hicks 81. Mrs. Hicks won the senior handicap with her right good 75, and the junior went to Mrs. O'Neill Butler's 70 net.

It was even more glorious weather two days later, when a vast quantity of couples did their best to win the cups, so graciously given by the Prince of Wales and Princess Helena Victoria, for Mixed Foursomes in aid of the Englefield Green Cottage Hospital. The result for that splendid object was £52, but who won the cups is still a query, as there was a tie for them, which has still to be replayed—Squadron-Leader Hayward and Miss Samson and Dr. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neill Butler both being 76. Scoring was not really startling in quality, though; every couple one asked gave you the answer: "No good at all." There was one pair, an ex-Oxford Blue and an ex-Open Ladies' Championship bronze medallist, for example, who finished the 18 holes—all honour to their industry—without having anything less than a 5 on it. Scratch honours went to Mrs. M. L. Clarke, who got her bronze medal at Saunton this Spring, and Mr. Guy Hemsley, with 79. Mrs. Porter and Mr. de Montmorency, with 81, were left kicking themselves for needing eighteen shots for the last three holes, for which a conservative estimate, as they say, in the best commercial circles, would be thirteen. Miss Dorothy Pearson and Mr. Andrew McNair were a sad disappointment; so were Mrs. Alec Gold and Mr. Noel Layton. But somebody has to play badly, of course, or where would the fun be?

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

Cars with a Personality

A Light Car of Exceptional Interest: The 10 h.p. Lanchester

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Lanchester "Ten" is an attractive little car, and gives an impression of sturdiness and comfort fully borne out in actual practice. For so small a chassis, it is exceptionally roomy and luxurious

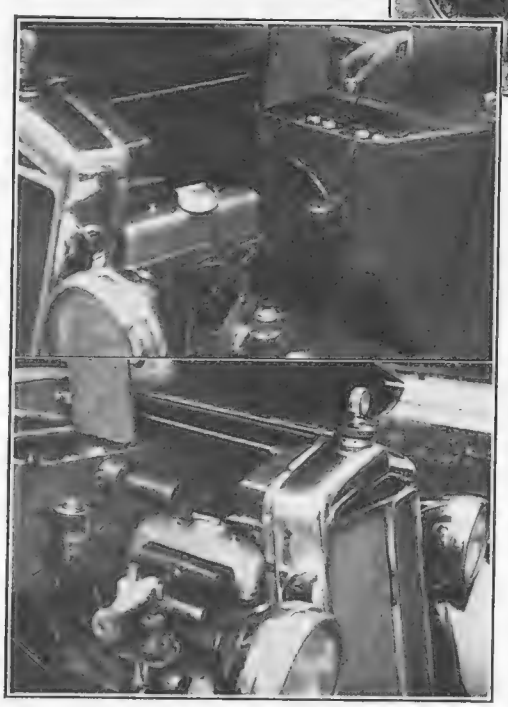
Remarkable ease of control is provided by the combination of fluid flywheel and epicyclic gear-box. The latter, as is shown here, can be manipulated without removing the hands from the wheel

WHEN the Lanchester Motor Company produces a new car, one is safe in assuming that something really interesting is being offered to the motoring public. My own experience covers the introduction of, I think, five new Lanchesters, and each one has provided me both with some very enjoyable driving and also with something to think about afterwards.

Comparisons tend to be odious, but I remember the "straight eight" Lanchester as perhaps the most delightful of these cars to handle on the road, while the new "Ten" is undoubtedly the most significant and thought-provoking. Having recently spent a day at the wheel of this little car, I am left with two distinct impressions: first, that it obviously *is* a Lanchester, and, secondly, that it obviously is *not* a 10-h.p. car (as that term is ordinarily understood).

THE most outstanding feature of the new 10-h.p. Lanchester is undoubtedly the manner in which the comfort of a large car has been combined with small-car convenience and economy. Thus there is ample body space for four passengers, not only to sit, but to sit comfortably. Even with a six-foot driver in the front seat, there is easily sufficient leg-room for a passenger of equal size to sit behind him.

The road performance, likewise, is not that of a normal light car. Not only has this new Lanchester a very useful turn of speed (I recorded 55 m.p.h. on a speedometer which was manifestly honest, and 60 m.p.h. should be attainable under favourable conditions); it has also one of the smoothest of high-speed four-cylinder engines. It would, I think, require an expert to state, without looking under the bonnet, whether four or six cylinders are employed—so deceptive is the complete lack of vibration or apparent effort.



No car is easier to enter and leave from either side. There is no gear lever, and the hand-brake is pushed, not pulled, on, thus concealing itself when the car is at rest

A really convenient feature: the battery occupies space, commonly wasted, under the bonnet, and is instantly accessible

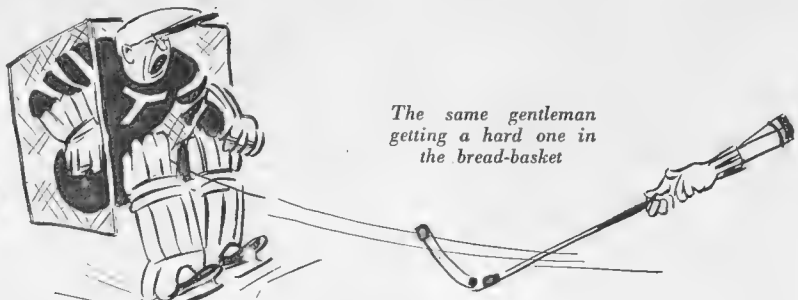
The engine is neat and compact in design, and yet another convenient feature is the handy position found for the tool kit

ADDITIONAL smoothness is, of course, supplied by the now familiar Daimler transmission system, combining a fluid flywheel with a four-speed epicyclic gear-box. The gears, including a reasonably high third gear, are fully efficient on the open road, while their simplicity of operation is a genuine asset. The fluid flywheel, in traffic, ensures an infinite degree of flexibility, so that one can, with perfect ease, either move the car one inch at a time or maintain a steady speed of ¼ m.p.h. It is interesting to note, incidentally, that the smallest Lanchester is thus equal in flexibility to the largest Daimler.

The springing and road-holding qualities of this car are excellent, and there is a general feeling of solidity which inspires confidence. The steering is pleasant, and the brakes are of the deservedly popular hydraulic type. Altogether, the Lanchester "Ten" is a small car only in its over-all dimensions, and must be considered moderately priced at £315.

International Ice-Hockey at Purley—England 2, Germany 1

G. Ball, in the German goal, made himself as round as possible



The same gentleman getting a hard one in the bread-basket

A. Leach scoring a goal for England

A German forward being pushed back into an English club sandwich

At the top: Paul Sanders, an old International roller hockey player, with eyes poking out of their sockets, sadly said he thought it a very fast game: and below him, "Freddy" Holt, father to all Guy's medical students, and England's greatest expert on cider, is remarking that ice-hockey seems a hot game

J. Carr bumps off H. Orbanowski

Three excited directors of the Purley rink: Arthur Smith's Harris tweed markings went all numby, and his plus fours turned themselves into cycling breeks; Douglas Smith's jersey turned itself into a jumper, and George Smith swallowed the largest cigar that had ever been seen in Purley or on the Downs

Friends in Kneed

By H. H. Harris

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Tribute to Bernard Darwin

"Times"

Bernard Darwin

The famous golfing correspondent of the "Times," whose latest book, "Out of the Rough" has just been published

FOR the past week or two nothing of great importance has happened in the world of golf. Sometimes—to the golf correspondent who is compelled to write a weekly article on the game—such a quiet period is a positive menace, for he may have used up all the ideas which normally he keeps in the reserve lines for just such an occasion. It so happens, however, that this time I am personally delighted at this lull, because I am enabled thereby to write an article which I have long wished to write about a friend of mine.

We are all agreed that this game of golf is a very great game—the proof lies in the space afforded to it by news editors, in the library of books written on the subject, in the very fact that you are reading this article. If one man, then, has found for himself a place unrivalled as an historian of this game, he deserves that the fact should be recorded, for he is a most important personage. One man has done this very thing, and his name is Bernard Darwin.

DARWIN has for a long time held a unique position among those of us who write on golf. I think the chief evidence of this well-deserved state of affairs lies in the attitude of golfers to the opinions of writers on golf generally and Darwin in particular. It is very seldom indeed that you can find anyone who will give you a negative answer to the question: "Have you read what Bernard said about so-and-so?" And if you do, you will find that this rare species makes the acknowledgment rather shyly and unwillingly, and quite obviously regards the matter as an omission. If, on the other hand, you ask the same person if he has seen what appeared in the daily such-and-such about somebody, he is far more likely to say "No"—and if he does he will say so promptly, with the frank and unashamed rider that he seldom sees the paper that you have mentioned. This is in no way a free advertisement for the *Times* or *Country Life*, to both of which papers Bernard Darwin contributes delightfully every week, but it is merely a way of saying how lucky are the owners of these papers in their golf correspondent—so obviously a man who can attract such a vast public to read his utterances on the game.

BERNARD DARWIN has been described as the prince of writers on golf, and he has been accorded a great many other resounding titles. But I can't help feeling that Darwin himself values not so much his place in this House of Lords as the fact that he can rarely refer in conversation to anything which he may have written, and say something new—something which the person to whom he is speaking does not already know. This may sound to be exaggerated, and I suppose, if the truth be told, it is slightly exaggerated, but I must be excused when I make these remarks, because, anyway, they are very nearly the truth, and then I am such an admirer myself of all that Darwin writes. They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. There are countless numbers of golfing correspondents who have flattered Bernard Darwin in this manner. In fact, the whole writing style of reporters on sport of the *Times* has benefited very considerably by the influence exercised over the contributors—whether they were conscious of it or not—by Bernard Darwin's golfing articles. Darwin is much too great a man to have anything to fear from his imitators; and, in point of fact, imitation will never lead anybody anywhere except to a subordinate position. But undoubtedly it does help a young writer when he is starting, and in no matter what sort of writing, to copy a little the style of that great name whom he may admire most. This applies as much to fiction as it does to journalism, but I am dealing with journalism here; and I will content myself by saying that Bernard Darwin has undoubtedly wielded a tremendous influence on the other writers on sport of the *Times*—an influence which has been not only of assistance to them individually, but of great assistance to the selling power of the paper itself, since it has helped to make what is probably the finest sporting page in present-day journalism.

HAVING said all this, I think it will be obvious to my readers that I am a great admirer of Bernard Darwin's work,

(Continued on page ii)

Oxford University v. Royal Wimbledon

R. H. Pavitt and Capt. H. C. C. Tippet (Royal Wimbledon) lost by 1 hole to G. H. Micklem and E. H. Moss, the Oxford captain, in the match between the two clubs

Bertram Eary

Another Stoke Poges photograph: C. D. Gray and Capt. W. S. Wise playing for the famous Golf Balls

Below: Playing for the Golf Balls of Stoke: H. S. Malik, whose partner mistook the day and didn't turn up in time, and W. A. Murray

Bertram Eary

Bertram Eary

Two more competitors in the open scratch four-ball matches at Stoke Poges: Major K. Thorburn and H. P. Greenwood watching an opponent driving a good one from the 10th

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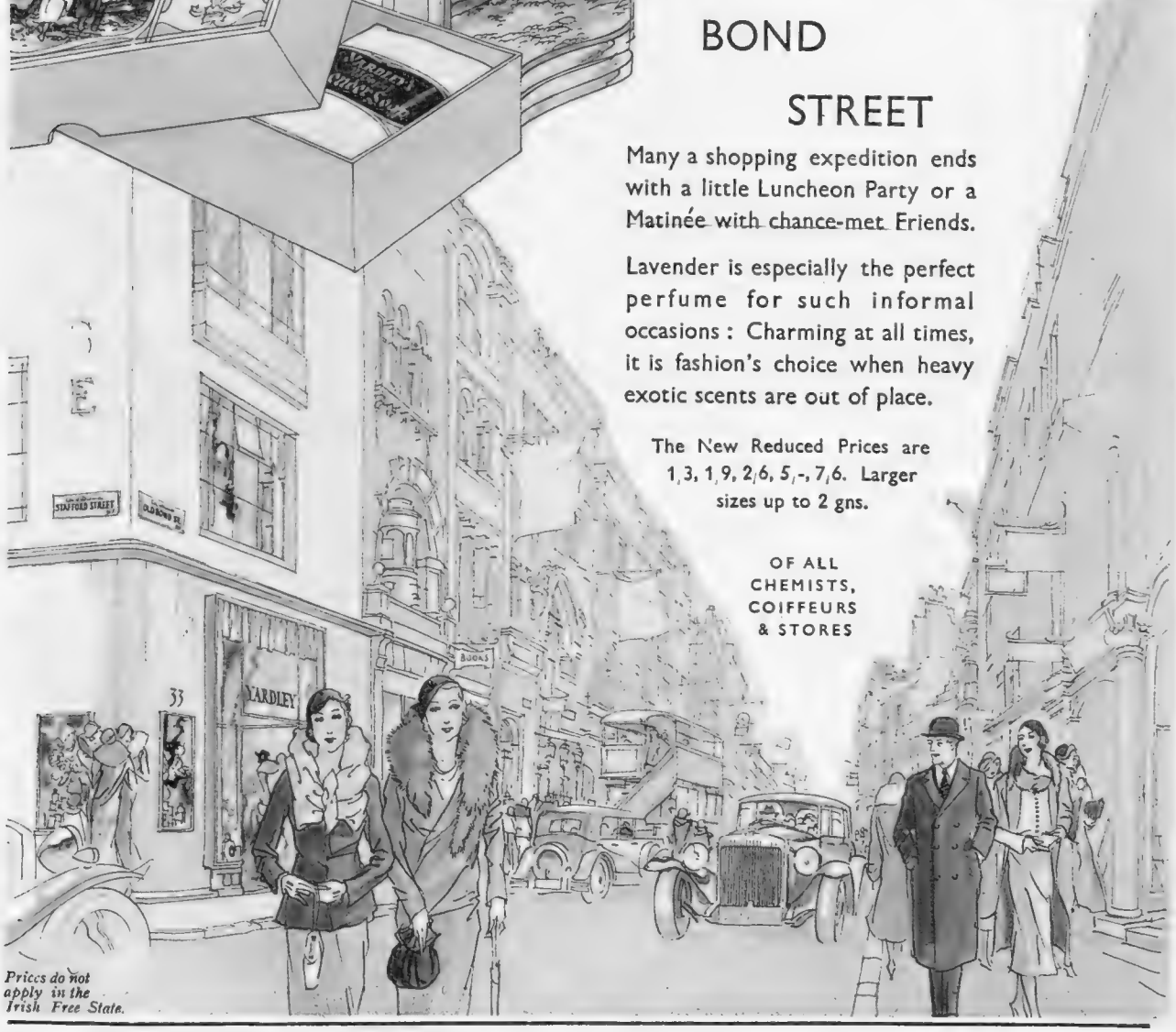

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On Friday there will be a meeting of the Rugby Union Committee. It should be an interesting meeting, for I think the question of floodlight Rugby football must inevitably be discussed. I think, moreover, that it is fairly safe to say what the attitude of the Committee is likely to be towards the proposed evening matches at the White City. They will, unless I am much mistaken, express their strong disapproval of the entire scheme. But this does not mean that "Rugger" under floodlights will never take place.

I have no doubt that W. W. Wakefield and R. Cove-Smith, who have agreed to raise teams for the first match, are genuinely anxious to give their services in a purely charitable cause, and I believe Wakefield took the precaution of sounding members of the Rugby Union Committee before committing himself to the proposal. This does not affect the question of principle, however, and in my opinion the Rugby Union cannot afford to give their sanction to a project which might lead to unwelcome developments. Still, there are arguments on the other side to which it would be unfair not to listen. To watch any sort of spectacular game played at night would, without doubt, be appreciated by many, and there is nothing criminal in their wishes being catered for.

Whether football under floodlights would affect the Saturday afternoon gates is a moot point. Personally, I believe that it would not, but I doubt very much whether this new attraction will be welcomed by theatrical managers and the Talkie Kings. It is they who would feel this competition most keenly. Indeed, it may be that those who are attracted by night football would learn to take such an interest in the game that they would seize the opportunity to watch it being played in the daytime as well.

I said last week that "Soccer" is perhaps a more suitable game for the floodlights, and I still think it is, but I am not at all sure it would do "Soccer" good to enter the competitive arena of nocturnal entertainment.

The trouble is that "Soccer" gates have been steadily diminishing, and I believe it is true to say that many clubs are exceedingly anxious about their financial position. There are so many counter-attractions in these days that "Soccer" will have to struggle for its existence. Oddly enough, I have noticed that there have been strangely small attendances at Rugby matches

Below : Stroke of the Oxford University Ladies' boat photographed after early morning practice on the Isis

A Football Mayor and His Brother

Councillor W. D. Gibbs (left), who plays for the Old Millhillians, is Mayor-elect of Bromley, and the youngest holder of that office; he is thirty-one. His brother, J. C. Gibbs, is the Harlequin old International

Winning Foilists

Miss Neligan (right) the winner of the Alfred Hutton Cup, the women's international fencing trophy, and Miss Guinness, the runner-up. Miss Neligan and Miss Guinness both belong to Bertrand's Academy, where the contest was held

Oxford University

J. J. F. Pennink and E. L. Dunnett and R. Rutherford, who defeated them

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Putting their Best Foot Forward

The 120-yards High Hurdles in the finals of the Freshmen's Sports at Cambridge : C. Loxton (Melbourne G. S. and Pembroke) winning from I. A. G. Young (Fettes and Clare)

in London this year, a fact which I find some difficulty in explaining. Maybe people are losing the habit of watching games; it is, perhaps, more pleasant to sit at home on a raw winter's afternoon and listen to the wireless, or dive into the warmth of a cinema. Whatever the reason, London Rugby clubs are taking very little money at the gates, and unless there is a considerable revival of interest, the balance sheets will make startling reading at the end of the year.

I BELIEVE, myself, that the cause is to be found in the clever showmanship of the C. B. Cochrans of the sporting world. I say nothing against them, but there is no doubt that such spectacles as greyhound and dirt-track racing are drawing the crowds. And we are only at the beginning of this craze for the spectacular. Every day, rumours reach me of new Sports Palaces which are to be erected in London, the latest being Jeff Dickson's plan for a super ice-hockey rink in the Tottenham Court Road.

WELL, it is all very significant, and very worrying for the rulers of old-established games which depend for their future upon the money taken at the gate. I don't like it myself, but there are apparently thousands of worthy people who do, and that is the answer to all criticism.

AND now, as a relief, let us think of cricket, which still has an atmosphere of sunlight and fresh air about it. First of all, congratulations to B. W. Hone, of Australia, on being elected captain at Oxford, and F. G. H. Chalk, the new and cheerful hon. secretary. Hone is a class batsman; he always gives me the feeling that no bowler can ever get him out. He has, by the way, a high opinion of the M.C.C. side who are now in Australia, though I gather from his stories of the wicket at Adelaide that the third Test Match there is likely to go on for weeks. Apparently there is too much sand in the wicket, which is, consequently, so dead that the ball comes off without any nip at all.

THIS is hardly true of the pitch at Melbourne, where the M.C.C. will just have tried conclusions with Victoria by the time you read these notes. The match has not started as I write, but it is an important match, for it really begins the serious business of the tour. Victoria have a strong side, with Iremonger, who is still very nearly the best of the Australian bowlers, and Alexander, a speed merchant, and the mysterious Fleetwood-Smith, with his left-hand googlies. I don't know about this Fleetwood-Smith—I see that his fellow-countrymen have been giving him a good deal of stick lately, and so sound a judge as H. W. Taylor, who played against him last year, thinks very little of him. Still, we shall see, and in the meanwhile, the Australians will presumably have had a taste of Voce, and Larwood may have made the ball fly a bit on that somewhat fiery Melbourne wicket, which is apt to be lively on the first day. There is no doubt that the M.C.C have started well, which speaks volumes for Douglas Jardine's gifts as a captain and diplomatist.

I DON'T know whether you went to see young Jack Doyle fight Moise Bouquillon at the Albert Hall last Thursday, but if you did you will agree, I think, that he really is an amazing fellow. The Albert Hall was packed to the ceiling, just because of this raw Irishman and his punch, and the spectators screamed themselves hoarse when he chopped Bouquillon to the canvas in the second round. And Doyle, mind you, had been out on his feet and down on his back three times in the first round, so that this second-round recovery business is becoming a habit with him. But isn't he raw! I never saw a more ignorant, unscientific fighter, and there is no doubt whatever that any of the first-class heavyweights—even that old warrior, George Cook, with his short arms—would put him to sleep without the slightest trouble. He seems to topple over very easily, but he is game enough, and he had the sense to obey the frenzied shrieks of his seconds, and cling on to Bouquillon, and then came that astonishing reversal of fortune. Mind you, some of Doyle's punches were, quite unintentionally, I believe, very near the border-line, for when he was chopping at the falling Bouquillon he did use the side of his hand, and he did hit Bouquillon on the back of the neck. Still, it was a grotesque fight anyway. It taught us nothing, save that Doyle—Dynamite Doyle I think we might call him—has the heaviest punch in the world.

v. Royal Wimbledon

(Oxford), and their opponents, R. Hughes by 3 and 1 in the foursomes at Wimbledon

Favourites for the County Championship

The East Midlands team, who defeated Leicester by 17 points : standing, H. H. Fagnani (referee), W. A. Sime, J. H. Treen, C. J. Pollard, A. D. Matthews, J. G. Cook, J. Dicks, N. A. Yorke, R. J. Longland, J. B. Minahan (Hon. Sec.) ; sitting, T. E. K. Williams, E. Colley, W. H. Weston (Captain), R. C. Brumwell, R. Perkins ; in front, T. Thevenard, the Springbok's Head won by the team in this match, and C. Slow

Christmas Presents by Air Mail

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Filming the Empire by air : Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rotha and Mr. Wheddon, the cameraman on the left, leaving Croydon for a 20,000-miles flight over Imperial Airways' routes, which will form the subject of a modern travel film

Sq.-Ldr. O. R. Gayford and Flight-Lt. D. L. G. Bett, officers of the Royal Air Force, who will attempt to break the world's record for long-distance in a straight line, flying the Fairey Napier monoplane from Cranwell to Cape Town

Times for Empire Deliveries

ALREADY there are many places abroad to which parcels cannot be sent by ordinary means to arrive in time for Christmas, and the Imperial Air Services offer an eleventh-hour route to all the countries in Eastern Africa, from Egypt down to the Union, and to Palestine, Iraq, India, and the Far East. Parcels to Arabia, Ceylon, and Egypt must be sent as freight, and, in any case, the best means for despatch to any given country should be the matter of enquiry with Imperial Airways or any of its agents. From Kenya southwards, on the African route, the latest date for despatch is December 7th, and for India and Ceylon, December 10th. All other countries served can be reached by posting on or before the 14th, the exact times being the subject of an air-mail leaflet. To countries other than those on the Empire routes, parcels and letter mails can be sent at very much later dates than ever before. Every year the circle included in the air-mail delivery district widens, and eventually it will cover the whole world. The British route to Australia is the next one for development and, by Christmas of 1933, it should be in operation.

At Heston

THE private pilot's airport and service station on the Great West Road always seems to be busy, no matter what the weather may be, and always there are signs of progress, with new machines arriving to show their paces, additional facilities for overhauls, and the latest gadgets on view or in process of demonstration. It is hoped next year to extend the stock of maps which are held by arrangement with the Automobile Association, to cover most of Europe, except Russia. The cost of dual instruction has been reduced to £3 per flying hour, with consequent benefit to the School. Quite a number of old pilots—old in the sense that they learnt to fly years ago and have since got out of practice—have been taking refresher courses with Captain Baker. There are many new things to be learnt, especially in navigation and in night-flying, which either were not taught ten years ago or facilities for their practice were not available to anyone outside the Service. The feeling of confidence which is instilled by a few hours' night-flying has to be experienced before belief, and the Shadow-Bar Floodlight at Heston makes things easy and safe on winter evenings, when the weather is often better than during the day.

Flying Forbidden

TO relieve the monotony of reporting the increased use of aircraft for travel by all sections of society, I have been enquiring for notable instances where flying is forbidden, and, apart from restraint placed on minors, I can find only two of recent date. One is the reported ban by the management Committee of the Football League on a proposal that Plymouth Argyle should send its team by air to matches held away from home. This is particularly unintelligible, because another team, the Arsenal, was photographed at Croydon about a fortnight ago, prior to a flight to Paris for a charity match. Perhaps the ban is a subtle compliment to air-travel, after all, for the visitors might arrive so invigorated after their flight as to derive an unfair advantage over the home team. Long before doctors prescribed flying as a tonic, pilots had discovered how fit they were after a dose of real fresh air, especially when taken in an open machine and at a sufficient altitude to clear the dust and smoke-laden air which clings to the earth in a belt of varying depth.

The Red Flag

ANOTHER rather meaningless prohibition to fly was that placed on members of the M.C.C. now touring Australia. The airlines of the Commonwealth are remarkably efficient, and one would have thought that air-transport, relieving fatigue and saving time for further rest on the ground, would have been an advantage to our men. Many years ago, similar restrictions were enforced by other worthy associations and individuals with regard to travel by railway and, still more recently, the pioneer motorist had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag, so it seems every vehicle must have a dangerous age for someone. The Air Ministry will now permit the Rolls-Royce "Kestrel" engine to be run for 500 hours, equivalent to 75,000 miles, without an overhaul. It shows to what a state of efficiency the leading British aero engine has been developed, and gives an idea of one economy of air-transport over other methods of carriage, where the vehicle has to go into dock much earlier in its working life.

Find the Lady

ON Sunday next, November 20th, a variation of the Treasure Hunt-cum-Scrounging Party is to be held at Hanworth, to which all members, with their guests, are invited. A kidnapped lady will be the prize of the evening for this unique event, and both she and her rescuer will be entitled to the hospitality of the Club. Other attractive prizes are promised, and anyone wishing to offer a trophy is asked to communicate with Flight-Lt. Allen at Hanworth.

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LOUNGE SUITS for LADIES

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amelia and annabel — aren't they sweet? both made of velvet in lovely blues and browns and blackberry and black. dev'lish becoming and the most divine garments for lounging or dining in. amelia is pyjamas — fitting as pyjamas never did before—fastened at the hip with a golden zip. annabel is skirted, but has the same ideas about byronic collar, loppety sash and zip as 'melia. both from our younger london department, which — as any wily young debutante will tell you—is *the* place in this metropolis for exciting, original clothes.

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD.
114/120 REGENT STREET,
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REGENT 1951

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

PRIVATELY arranged matches have always been prominent in all forms of sport, whether these matches have been arranged for money, with valuable side-stakes and bets galore, or whether they have been arranged merely to satisfy the personal honour and glory of the competitors who may have had an argument in regard either to their own skill or to the merits of whatever racing animals they may have owned. The history of horse-racing abounds in famous matches, and owners of greyhounds now appear to be beginning to realise how their own pride and faith in their dogs may be put to the test in a manner other than the normal graded races.

THE greyhound racing public, too, is taking kindly to this innovation, for it realises the sporting nature of a privately made match; and individuals have their own favourites among the dogs as well. They know those whom they think will win against all comers, and they are happy to have the additional opportunity afforded by these matches in which to test, perhaps financially, their faith in their favourites. The Greyhound Racing Association, never slow to feel the pulse of public taste, has been quick to give its blessing to these matches by making them possible during its programmes on the licensed tracks, and also in many cases by adding prize money and trophies to the side-stakes fixed by the respective owners. This type of event is becoming increasingly popular. For one thing it adds an additional race to the evening's programme, and the appetite of the greyhound racing public for greyhound races seems to be insatiable; for another, it appeals tremendously to the sporting instincts of those who attend regularly at the tracks.

THESE matches have enabled the public to see a great favourite twice within a fortnight—and that alone is a recommendation and one for which it is grateful. Wild Woolley has been concerned in two matches recently: the first, when, as winner of the Derby he was matched against Queen of the Suir, the famous bitch which won the Oaks so recently. Odds were freely laid on Wild Woolley, who justified them, for the dog won this match with an ease which appeared quite ridiculous to the spectators. In fairness to the bitch, I think it must be said that she did not show anything like the form which had won for her the classic event for her sex; but, on the other hand, Wild Woolley is such an exceptional dog that her connections could scarcely ever have had any hope even had she produced a better time than she had ever previously recorded.

Lady Carisbrooke "went to the dogs" at Harringay recently, and later presented the "Daily Mirror" Trophy to the winner. In the group are Lady Bridges, Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, Lady Carisbrooke, holding Dashing Pimpo, the winning dog, and Mrs. W. Giddins, his owner

AGAIN, on the Saturday before this appears in print, Wild Woolley will have run his match against Trinidad, a dog of whom high expectations are held for the classic events of next year. I should think that Wild Woolley will probably have won this match as well, but, of course, I have to write these words before I know the result of the race. However, win or lose, Wild Woolley remains a great favourite with the public, and if matches in which he runs are made with reasonable frequency, the results on the attendances should prove how much the greyhound racing public appreciates this new form of attraction. Wild Woolley is a great dog to watch in action—clever, game, *and* speedy.

THE ESSENCE OF GOOD TAILORING

Many of Pope and Bradley's advertisements have referred to the importance of the West End "Log." The term is a technical one, and its significance should be clearly understood.

The comparatively small body of expert craftsmen—hand-sewing tailors sitting cross-kneed on the board—are paid by piecework. The "Log" is the schedule of hours allowed for any garment, or part of a garment. The West End "Log" denotes the finest and highest paid workmanship in England.

It is an integral part of the business of Pope and Bradley, and represents a very essential difference between the hand-sewn Suit and the cheap machine-made imitation.

The London Time Log, which only a handful of the most exclusive tailors in the West End adhere to, is more intricate than any cross-word puzzle invented. The sewing of a lounge jacket, for instance, is paid for by 22½ "log" hours start, plus an hour or one hour and a half for each pocket, so much for each cut (seam), two and a half hours for the buttons on the cuffs, and so on, plus innumerable "extras," such as double-breasted lapels, "extra size" for fat men, and so on, so that the total is seldom less than forty hours.

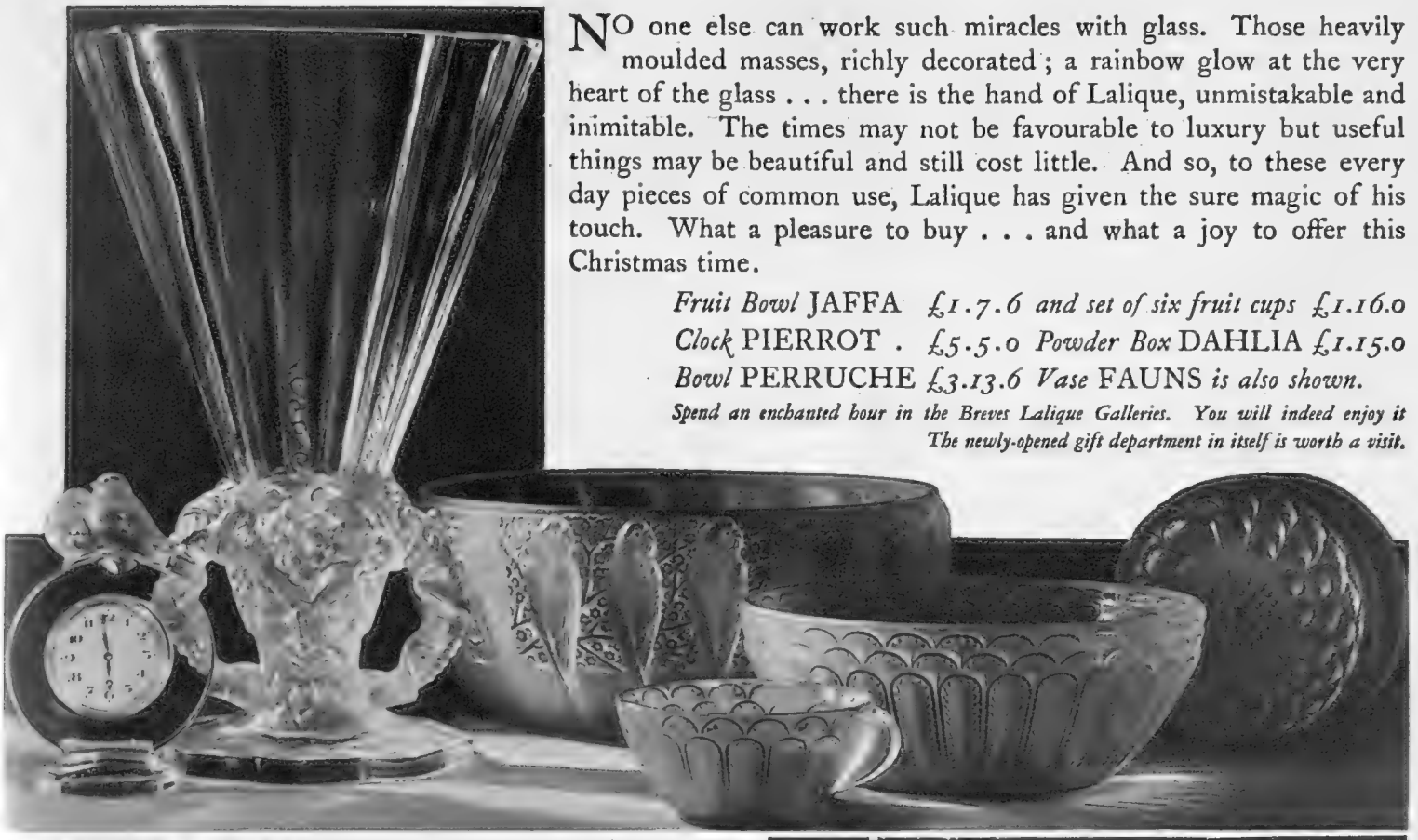
Every coat made by Pope and Bradley is hand-sewn according to the London Time Log. Including such additional expenditures as "extra Working up of breasts—one hour," on all coats a careful process of moulding and shrinking over extended shoulder canvases, which is responsible for that generous, manly chest as opposed to the meagre flat chests of machine-made suits.

This "log" hand-sewing and these extras account for the very high cost of production. But it is the log journeymen-tailors who are responsible for working style into a suit—even our cutters could not work the miracle without the right labour. And the moulding and shaping of the hair-cloth, canvas, linens, and other interlining by hand, means that the suit keeps its shape and style throughout the decades.

Lounge Suits from Ten Guineas. Dinner Suits from Fifteen Guineas. Dress Suits from Sixteen Guineas.

Pope and Bradley

14, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



NO one else can work such miracles with glass. Those heavily moulded masses, richly decorated; a rainbow glow at the very heart of the glass . . . there is the hand of Lalique, unmistakable and inimitable. The times may not be favourable to luxury but useful things may be beautiful and still cost little. And so, to these every day pieces of common use, Lalique has given the sure magic of his touch. What a pleasure to buy . . . and what a joy to offer this Christmas time.

Fruit Bowl JAFFA £1.7.6 *and set of six fruit cups* £1.16.0
Clock PIERROT . £5.5.0 *Powder Box* DAHLIA £1.15.0
Bowl PERRUCHE £3.13.6 *Vase* FAUNS *is also shown.*

Spend an enchanted hour in the Breves Lalique Galleries. You will indeed enjoy it The newly-opened gift department in itself is worth a visit.

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The Doggy World

Those Journalists: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IT is always a source of wonder to me that while a competent journalist is, and is expected to be, absolutely cognisant of his facts in most matters, he is allowed to be absolutely vague and inaccurate in anything to do with dogs.

Perhaps you who read this effusion have never tried your hand at journalism—I have worked in the profession for many years. Just see what happens if you are one of that crowd, and you describe Lady Dash as the widow of Sir John Dash, when she is the widow of Lord Dash, or if you allow an incorrect caption under a photo, Lady Dash immediately writes a vitriolic letter explaining that Lord Dash was a baron, and not a mere knight, and the offending journalist is on the mat, and very likely out of a job.

Yet the average journalist puts the most amazing stuff in about dogs. An evening paper published last week a description of a photo of three dogs, which it described as fine specimens of the Borzois, St. Bernard, and Irish wolfhound. The Irish wolfhound happened to be a Great Dane!

NOW that all the daily papers are going hysterical over the "killer dogs" that are supposed to be killing sheep near Rochester, the most amazing statements are being published by journals which might be thought to know better. Nobody has seen the "killer dog" close, yet he is described as being three feet six inches high. There has never been a dog as tall as that, I suppose—not, at any rate, of the description circulated. He is said to be a cross between a Great Dane and a wolf-dog, with a heavy muzzle and small eyes! Now what exactly is a wolf-dog? Because there is no such breed listed in England. There is an Irish wolfhound, but that is not a wolf-dog. A husky might be a wolf-dog, I suppose, but there are none in England. And as nobody has got within shooting distance of this fearsome animal, how are they able to describe it as having "small eyes"?

It is probably not a dog at all that is killing the sheep. The last scare that we had here over sheep-killing turned out to be the work of a couple of boys.

Sometimes the mistakes are merely funny. Not long ago a paper described an exhibitor, well-known in social circles and a prominent exhibitor of dogs, as being "so enthusiastic that she actually took her dog once or twice round the ring to display his beauties to the judge." That remark was one of the best ever! Imagine the judge's face if the exhibitor had told him, "There, that's enough. I wouldn't do this for everybody, but I thought I'd let you see what you're giving the prize to."

A FEW weeks ago there were some Trials at the Crystal Palace where Great Danes, Alsatians, and a couple of poodles were competing. The Danes won the classes, with the Alsatians a good second, but a well-known journalist wrote a rather flamboyant article where he announced that the poodle, although hardly trained, had won everything. As a matter of fact, although the poodle did very well, he was far behind the other dogs. Now that was pure misrepresentation on the part of the paper, and if the competitors had been human, the statement would have been libellous, and, even in this case, had the owners of the winning dogs written to the paper, it would have been forced to print an apology.

But it is time that the lay journalist tried to be more accurate on doggy matters.

Fort Buckle

A Canine Linguist

A photograph of Dene, England's Rin-Tin-Tin, and his partner. He obeys orders in English, French, German, and Dutch, was the only gold medallist in the open police dog trials in England, and the first English dog to pass the German police dog tests, and has held a high-jump record

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"A YOUTHFUL COMPLEXION"

Attained and Preserved by Means of Radio-Active Creams

AS all arts progress, there is a tendency to simplification, and this, we find, is the trend of modern beauty culture. In spite of, or because of, all the scientific discoveries which have been applied to this cult, we find, instead of the elaborate and extensive recipes and ritual of the past, that our beauty preparations are becoming more and more compact. This is, no doubt, partly because the woman of to-day has neither the leisure nor the patience to devote hours even to this most important and universally practised part of her daily programme.

Even those who allot certain times to periodic visits to the beauty specialist demand, as well, a simple and efficient "home treatment."

THE slogan for the valuable radio-active Peradiac cream, which was introduced to London by the enterprising head of the Maison Georges, Buckingham Palace Road, is: "It works while you sleep"—a greeting equally acceptable to "the tired business woman" or the the débutante and her mother who have over-crowded engagement books.

The regenerative properties of radium and radio-active matter have long been known to medical science and to the dermatologists, but it is only recent

discoveries that have made it possible to preserve radio-activity for a practical period and to incorporate its elements in toilet preparations.

PERADIAC cream remains indefinitely radio-active. It contains no drying, alcoholic perfume, and its ingredients are carefully blended and proportioned to supply all the nourishment and stimulation which the complexion requires for the preservation or rehabilitation of youthful elasticity, clearness and beauty.

To all appearances. Peradiac is just an ordinary face-cream, particularly suave and delicately fragrant; but its effect on the skin is extraordinary! Its application at night not only clears and softens the skin, but lines and hollows mysteriously disappear. This is due to the radio-active elements which this particularly absorbtive cream carries through the pores of the skin to the underlying cells and tissues.

THE majority of complexion troubles are caused by acidity and the fact that the pores are sluggish and become clogged. Peradiac stimulates the natural, healthy action of the skin so that impurities are eliminated and the complexion becomes radiantly clear and fine.

There is a companion day-cream in which the radio-active elements are also incorporated, so that the good work is carried on, and this is an excellent powder base for those who wish to use one.

THESE creams can be safely used on the most sensitive complexions, and the night-cream is recommended for the use of young girls who wish to preserve the youthful beauty of their skins as well as for older women who need a nourishing and rejuvenating cream. It should be gently patted into the face and neck at night, and, if possible, a thin film of Peradiac should be left on the skin, so that the clarifying and regenerative process may be continued during the hours of sleep. In the morning the face should be washed in warm water before the day-cream or any cosmetics are applied.

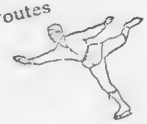
WINTER FINDS AN EXCUSE-

for its existence in Winter Sports. In those lovely lands devoted to winter sports, winter is transformed from a liability to an asset. To help their clients make the most of winter's opportunities, Cook's publish comprehensive handbooks, called

"WINTER SPORTS"—

(*a*) In Switzerland. (*b*) In Many Lands

They contain not only detailed information about the chief resorts and hotels, routes and fares, but practical advice on outfits, etc. They also give inclusive quotations for visits to all the best resorts.



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For the inexperienced, Cook's are again arranging initiation parties, which have proved an unqualified success in past seasons. Each party is accompanied by a host and hostess, and expert instruction in ski-ing and all other forms of winter sport, is given.

16 days, £23, inclusive cost

HOSTELS

Cook's have made arrangements at Kandersteg for two hostels to be reserved. A hostess will be in residence at the ladies' hostel, and a host at the men's hostel. See separate leaflets for particulars.

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The leaflets and handbooks mentioned above are obtainable free from any office of—

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Worth, Chanel, Schiaparelli, all of them have decreed velvet for the present Chic. In every shade from the palest tints of dawn to the blackest depths of night, and ABBOTTS have the shoes ready and waiting to be dyed and matched to any subtle shade.

ABBOTT *and Eve*

has become the accepted association of the practical and the fundamentally feminine in shoes.

No. C.219. A combination of velvet and satin in perfect harmony for dances at short notice. 6 Gns.

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10d & 1/4 PER BOTTLE

FROM ALL GOOD CHEMISTS, GROCERS & STORES

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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

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You can hypnotize people quick as a flash, put yourself or others to sleep at any hour, day or night; banish pain and suffering. Our free book, "The Philosophy of Personal Influence," explains exactly how you can acquire this power and use it to better your position in life. It is endorsed by ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men and society women! Though its benefits are beyond price, it costs you nothing. We give it away to advertise this institution. Write for it to-day. (On letters use a 2½d. stamp.)

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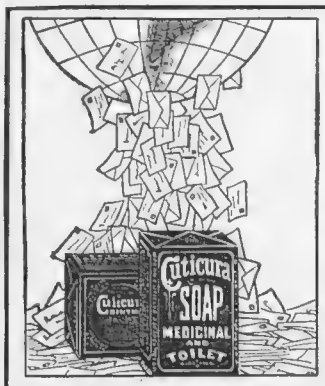

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Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: **F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.**
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

(Continued from page 336)

and therefore I make no excuse at all for referring them to a new book which has just been published, written by him and called *Out of the Rough* (Chapman and Hall; 6s.). This book is in two parts—the first part consists of six character-sketches, and the second is composed of essays which Bernard Darwin has contributed recently to the *Times* and to *Country Life*. These, of course, are reprinted from those papers, but the first six character-sketches are original, and appear in this book for the first time.

IT is to me a very great pleasure to have this book, because it saves me the rather bulky trouble of having to keep copies of the *Times* and of *Country Life* in order to have by me those delightful essays, written by Darwin, for perusal in a leisure moment. Of the character-sketches, I can only say that I enjoyed each of the six as much as it is possible for me to obtain enjoyment from this type of writing, which is to say that I enjoyed them enormously, particularly the one on the late A. C. M. Croome. I am glad to think that Crumbo was a friend of mine . . . and that now, with the help of this article written so pleasantly about him, his memory will ever remain fresh to me. If, for this reason only, I thank Bernard Darwin for his book, but it is not merely for this reason; it is because I enjoyed a happy couple of hours receiving from Bernard Darwin a perfect verbal presentation of considered thought on this great game of ours.

I SUPPOSE that by writing this article—which some may say is neither more nor less than a review, and therefore has wandered from another page in this issue—I have laid myself open to the criticism that I am supposed to amuse and entertain golfers, and that for this week, at any rate, I have failed to accomplish this feat. I will be told that it does not take me to tell the world just how good are the writings of Bernard Darwin—that the world knew all about that long before I first saw a fountain-pen. That is undeniably true, but it is equally undeniably true that a great many men and women who are golfers, or at least are interested in the game of golf, will read this page and miss the book reviews. If they do, they will perhaps miss *Out of the Rough*. And even if I have not this week entertained any others but myself, I have at least put them in the way of a grand entertainment. Go on—go out and get that book!

Two competitors in the Open Mixed Foursomes for the Prince of Wales and Princess Helena Victoria Cups played at Wentworth: Miss B. Dix Perkins and Captain V. Pollock

Miss E. M. Cantopher, the eighteen-year-old Ryde golfer, who has won this year all the Challenge Cups open to lady members of the Ryde Golf Club, photographed with General Lawrie, who presented the cup she is holding

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME EGG DISHES

Cup Omelettes

BUTTER six small casserole cups and fill them with some finely chopped fish which has been cooked and mixed with a little well-flavoured white sauce. Beat three eggs, add to them one cupful of milk, and pour an equal quantity of the mixture into each of the cups. Set them in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven until the contents are firm in the centre. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce.

Eggs and Spaghetti

THROW ½-lb. of spaghetti into boiling salted water and cook fast for twenty minutes. Drain in a colander. Have ready six or eight eggs which have been boiled ten minutes and stood in cold water; also some tomato sauce which has been thickened with ½-oz. of butter rolled in ½-oz. of flour. Cut the eggs in quarters and warm them in the tomato sauce. Arrange the spaghetti in a circle on a hot dish. Put the eggs in the centre, sprinkle chopped parsley over, and serve.

Eggs Maigre

PICK 1 lb. of spinach, wash it well, and cook in very little water, with salt and a pinch of soda. When quite tender, drain and pass through a sieve. Butter four scallop shells, and put a layer of spinach in each one, and on it a neatly poached egg. Cover with a rich white sauce and sprinkle the top thickly with grated cheese. Put the shells into the oven till the cheese is slightly brown, and serve immediately.

Eggs With Mushrooms

WASH, peel, and dry twelve small mushrooms, sprinkle over them a little salt and pepper, and put them in a buttered baking-tin. Cook for five minutes in the oven. When done, put six on one side. Cut the remainder into dice, mixing about a tablespoonful of cream with them, and a little chopped parsley. Butter six small casseroles and divide the chopped mushrooms equally between them; into each casserole break an egg, pour over a little cream, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and bake in the oven for a few minutes. Just before the egg sets, place a mushroom on the top of each, sprinkle lightly with bread-crumbs, and put a small piece of butter on each. Serve very hot.

A party at supper at the Suffolk Hunt Ball, which was held at the Athæneum, Bury St. Edmunds, including Miss Sheila Tollemache, Mr. G. Kevill-Davies, Miss Willington, Miss Kathleen Blakeley, Mr. A. Willington, and Miss Dalrymple

VISIT EGYPT

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SPECIMEN INCLUSIVE TOUR

27 Days' Tour

(17 Days in EGYPT)

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Combined Tickets obtainable from ***STEAMSHIP COMPANIES,*** *Offices of* ***COOK'S, AMERICAN EXPRESS, COX & KING'S,*** *and principal Overseas Travel Agencies*

EGYPT . . . . a Land whose Winter days are bathed in golden sunlight, and whose moonlit nights are enshrined in mysterious loveliness . . . . *invites you.* Will you accept her welcome?

For here, amidst the enchanting scene, and the soothing influence of warm, dry, desert air, you will find better health through radiant sunshine.

Modern travel facilities, and the comfort of world-famous hotels—(who has not heard of Shepheard's?)—contribute to the supreme enjoyment of a holiday in the Valley of the Nile . . . . and yet, such a holiday need not be expensive, for costs have now been so reduced as to bring an Egyptian Tour within the reach of thousands by whom it has been thought an impossible dream.

According to leisure and funds available, ***inclusive tours at specially reduced rates,*** are now offered to satisfy the widest range of enquiry.

★ ***"Egypt and the Sudan,"*** the profusely illustrated annual publication of the **Tourist Development Association of Egypt** (under Royal patronage), and detailed information of Egyptian Tours, may be obtained from the

EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU

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Moores HATS

See this name in every genuine Moores' Hat.

THE 'STELASTIC' HAT

(featherweight)

The "Stelastic" Hat—perfection of the modern bowler—fashioned from the finest selected rabbit fur. Exceptionally light in weight, its accurate shape and fitting give the easy, comfortable "feel" of a soft hat. Of Moore's traditional high standard of craftmanship, the "Stelastic" will retain its flawless character under all conditions. Sold by good hatters everywhere.

Two booklets entitled "Talking Through Your Hat" and "A Rabbit's Tale," tell all about the making of Fur Felt Hats. Write for copies.

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Cartoons in Colour.

We have discovered a *limited number* of sets of these world-famous Cartoons which to-day have lost none of their clever though grim humour.

Now is your opportunity to secure a set of these inimitable pictures for your "den," and for your sons to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War.

These Cartoons are ideal for presentation or decorative purposes in ex-Service Men's Clubs.

FOR —— Your Throat

'Allenburys'

Glycerine and Black Currant

PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM

In tins: 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

PANYAN PICKLE

Famous for being good!

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MACONOCHIES MAKE IT—GOOD GROCERS SELL IT

Swift and Sure

Two of the attractive series of Christmas cards published by "Popular Flying." The days of holly and robins are past, and aeroplanes from the air-minded to the air-minded are now the rule. And if you are not air-minded, these cards might well make you so. A portfolio of ten, with envelopes, costs 2s. 6d., plus 2½d. for postage, and they may be ordered from "Popular Flying," 34-35, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2

Fighting Furies

The Editor's Box

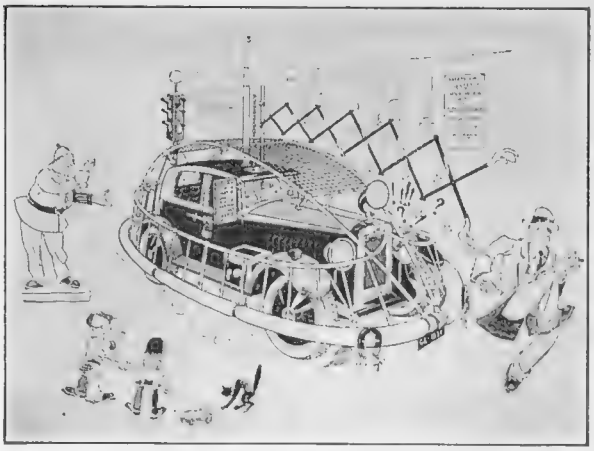
Geese Are Getting Fat

And nearly everyone is beginning to make one of their annual good resolutions—to do their Christmas shopping early. Regrets that this resolution has not been kept are not only bitter, as the shops are discovered to be full to the brim with thousands more remorseful and hurrying people—they are also expensive. Other and wiser mortals have snapped up the bargains in "seasonable gifts," and that frantic feeling of "I must get *something*" drags a good deal more money out of the pocket than is comfortable.

However, it is easy to avoid all the miseries of that last week before December 25th by sending for Liberty's Christmas Catalogue, which practically makes it possible for present-buying to be done at home. It is all in colour, and no less than four hundred and seventy-four suggestions for presents are illustrated. Most attractively illustrated, too; the catalogue, when it has served its original purpose, will make a grand addition to the nursery cutting-out library, which, as anyone who remembers their youth will agree, is one of the highest compliments that can be paid to a catalogue!

Among the more expensive series of suggestions is the jewellery in precious and semi-precious stones; rings, brooches, cuff-links, and necklaces, in amethyst, jade, fire opals, and their cousins, amazonite, topaz, carnelian, are among these. For the house, there are lamps, cushions (always welcome), curtains, bed-spreads, vases, tea-sets. For the wardrobe, dressing-gowns, lengths of silk, and innumerable fascinating scarves. For the nursery, besides the catalogue itself, there are plenty of amusing toys. And, finally, knick-nacks of every sort, hand-bags, needle-books, bridge scorers, patience cards, handkerchiefs; the hundred-and-one small things that one expects to be supplied with at Christmas, and buys reluctantly and aggrievedly for oneself.

Whether you make or break your good resolution, and whether you live in London or the country, a postcard to Liberty and Co., Regent Street, W.1, will lighten the load of your present-buying.



A humorous but effective way of emphasising the sense of security which comforts the motorist who has placed his car-insurance with the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the October Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely — 18 and under in the Silver division. 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss K. Humphry	North Hants	81	15	66	74	8 below
Mrs. R. Southworth	Wiltshire	78	13	65	74	9 "
Miss P. Campenett	Bradford	75	7	68	74	6 "
Miss Isabel Lee	Wilmslow	85	16	69	74	5 "
Mrs. John Gemmell	Wilmslow	75	6	69	74	5 "
Mrs. M. E. Walker	Ashton	84	16	68	72	4 "
Miss R. Cobbett	Bowdon	88	15	73	77	4 "
Mrs. C. Hammersley	Wilmslow	77	6	71	74	3 "
Mrs. Allen Macbeth	Bowdon	76	2	74	77	3 "
Mrs. March	Chigwell	80	7	73	76	3 "
Miss Joan M. Ratcliffe	West Cornwall	78	8	70	73	3 "
Mrs. W. M. Puckering	Shirley Park	80	8	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Baker Carr	North Hants	87	16	71	74	3 "
Miss Sutton	North Hants	81	10	71	74	3 "
Miss Nancy Halsted	Banstead Downs	82	9	73	75	2 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. M. Driscoll	Shirley Park	93	28	65	75	10 below
Miss J. Sanson	Tamworth	101	36	65	73	8 "
Miss R. M. Brown	Chislehurst	89	19	68	71	8 "
Mrs. A. H. Bunting	Castle Bromwich	100	35	65	73	8 "
Miss Mayo	Cowes	89	24	65	72	7 "
Mrs. Brownlow	Stratford	96	28	68	75	7 "
Miss Bridget Jackson	Chislehurst	85	20	65	71	6 "
Miss P. Dimsdale	Frilford Heath	94	25	69	75	6 "
Mrs. G. H. Mather	Manchester	93	22	71	77	6 "
Miss Joan E. Cadman	Wilmslow	99	31	68	74	6 "
Miss Evelyn Halsted	Banstead Downs	99	30	69	75	6 "
Mrs. J. Fenton	Blackpool	90	20	70	76	6 "
Mrs. V. Hancock	Sherwood Forest	102	32	70	76	6 "
R. A. Chadwick	Chigwell	90	19	71	76	5 "
Miss M. Mollet	La Moye	89	20	69	74	4 "

"THE BYSTANDER" Club COMPETITION

Result of the October Monthly Club Competition

Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.	Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.
Tamworth	60	92	153.33	Bowdon	46	2	4.34
Langholm	68	39	57.32	Hockley	80	3	3.75
Thonock	80	39	48.75	North Hants	150	5	3.33
Cowes	50	15	30.00				

Positions of the Leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club	Percentage	Club	Percentage
Tamworth	78.29	Cowes	19.49
Langholm	75.72	La Moye	5.45
Thonock	67.24		

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

"THE BYSTANDER" congratulates the following players on holing in one:—

Mrs D. R. Spencer	2nd on Kirby Muxloe	Mrs. Laurence	8th on North Shore, Skegness
Mrs. A. Thompson	3rd on Boldon		
Miss E. M. Gandy	15th on Wirral	Miss Davies	4th on Aberdare Valley
Mrs. G. Neilson	4th on Purley Downs	Mrs. A. W. Howard	9th on Wilmslow

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. November 16, 1932.
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For general wear and chilly days this velveteen coat will be found most useful, well cut and belted at natural waistline. In black, brown and new shades.

29/6

One of the smartest Autumn styles in shirts is carried out in striped celes: The stripes cleverly arranged to give a becoming line, on white grounds with red black, light/dark blue, blue/beige, or black stripes. Sizes: 13 to 14½ ins.

59/6

Smocking gives a different note to this rayon velvet coat which has a fitting line at the waist and fastens with diamante buttons; lined silk. In black, wine, beechnut, new flame and other colours. 59/6

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Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
81, Gracehurch Street, E.C.3.

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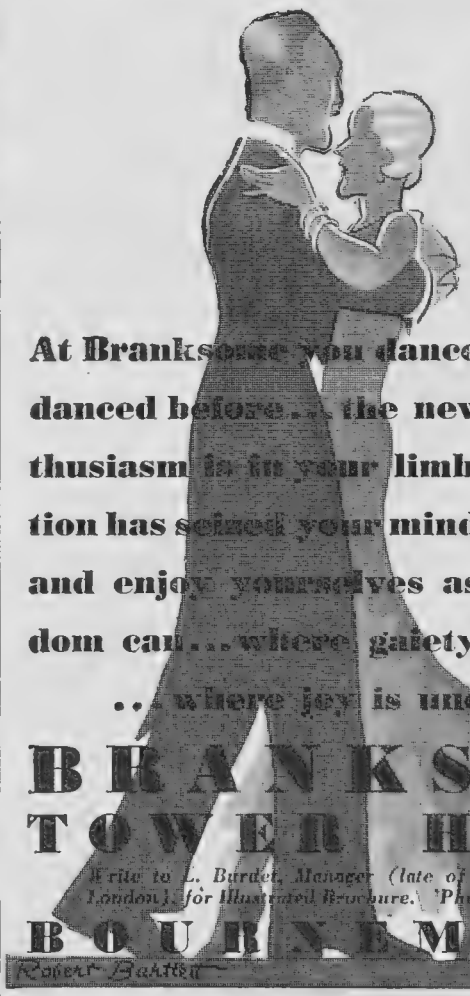

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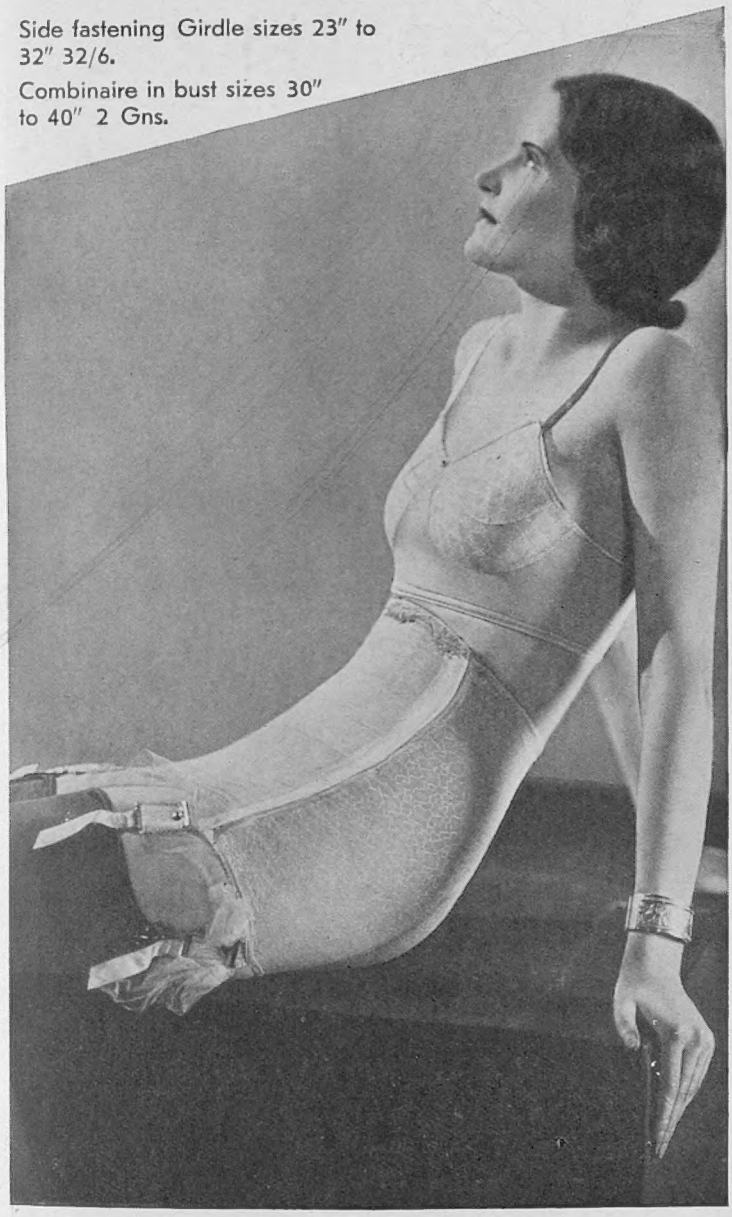

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OF OXFORD STREET W.1.

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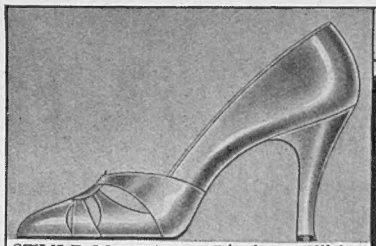

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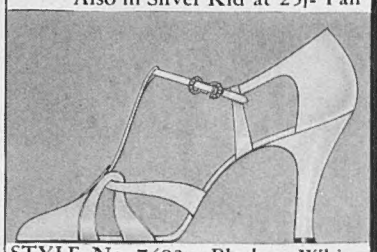

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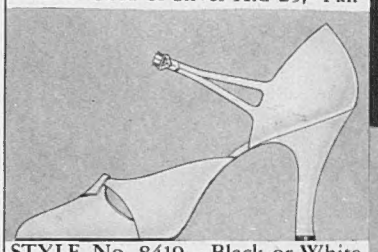

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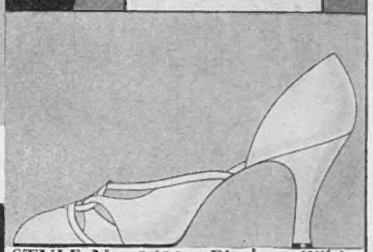

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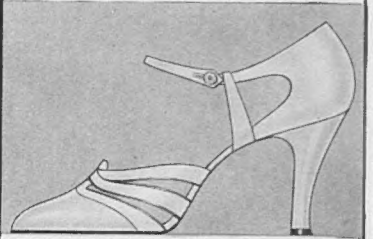

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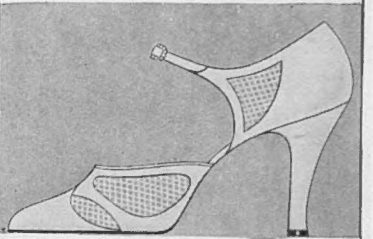

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RUSSIA SHAKES HER WINGS

THE roar of motors high in the air, muffled by the altitude and intervening space. It was more of a purr—rhythmic, smooth—music to the sensitive ears of a pilot quick to detect a dissonant note.

I stopped and looked up from the Red Square in Moscow.

One, two, three planes of Soviet Russia's Red Air Force. One of them a giant four-motored bomber. The first that I had ever seen of Russia's Red Air Fleet, the least known of the "winged armies" of the world, more mysterious than the Red Army itself.

"We shall soon have the largest air fleet in the world," remarked the Communist who had kindly volunteered to show me round Moscow.

He spoke with conviction and pride in his voice.

The Red Air Force of Russia—the largest and most powerful air fleet in the world! Endless squadrons of bombers, torpedo-carriers, fighters, dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers of the air! To be to Russia what the British Navy for generations has been to the British Empire, as one of the leaders put it.

That is the vision of the Kremlin—the goal that the "Master Minds" within it—men of whom you hear and read but seldom see—have set in the air for Soviet Russia. Having set it, they are going about to reach this goal with that ruthless determination which counts not the cost. Moreover, there are no pacifists in Russia to lay a paralysing hand on what has been decided as necessary for the country.

No secret is made of that goal. It is popular.

Read how the task of making Russia's Red Air Force the largest in the world is being achieved —in Lady Drummond Hay's article in this issue

In The November Issue
ON SALE NOW

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"KILLED IN ACTION," by *Sir Philip Gibbs*
"ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA," by *C. Fox Smith*
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